Group interview, 4 respondents

Project I.D. No. 76

NAME: Tomita, Teiko DATE OF BIRTH: 12/1/1896 PLACE OF BIRTH: Osaka
Age: 78 Sex: F Marital Status: M Education: High School

PRE-WAR:
Date of arrival in U.S.: 1921 Age: 24 M.S. M Port of entry: Seattle
Occupation/s: 1. Farmer/Cook 2. Housewife 3. _____
Place of residence: 1. Yakima, Wash. 2. Seattle, Wash. 3. Sunnydale, Wash.
Religious affiliation: Christian Church
Community organizations/activities: _____

EVACUATION:
Name of assembly center: Pinedale Assembly Center
Name of relocation center: Tule Lake, Ca. & Heart Mountain, Wyoming
Dispensation of property: _____ Names of bank/s: _____
Jobs held in camp: 1. _____ 2. _____
Jobs held outside of camp: _____
Left camp to go to: Minneapolis, Minnesota (July 4, 1945)

POST-WAR:
Date returned to West Coast: November 1945
Address/es: 1. Minneapolis, Minnesota (5 mos.) 2. Seattle, Washington
3. _____
Religious affiliation: Christian Church
Activities: 1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____
If deceased, date, place and age at time of death: _____

Name of interviewer: Heihachiro Takarabe Date: 5/21/74 Place: Seattle, Wash.
Translates Taeko Hernandez

NAME: Mr. Jitsuo Otoshi
AGE: 70
BIRTHDATE: February 20, 1904
BIRTHPLACE: Hiroshima Prefecture
WHEN CAME TO THE U.S.: 1920, 16 years old
MAJOR OCCUPATION: Hotel owner
RELOCATION CAMP: Hunt

NAME: Mr. Shigeru Hidaka
AGE: 70
BIRTHDATE: May 28, 1904
BIRTHPLACE: Iwami, Shimane Prefecture
WHEN CAME TO THE U.S.: 1918, 14 years old
MAJOR OCCUPATION: Restaurant owner
RELOCATION CAMP: None

NAME: Mrs. Kotaka Uomoto
AGE: 77
BIRTHDATE: December 11, 1896
BIRTHPLACE: Iyo, Ehime Prefecture
WHEN CAME TO THE U.S.: 1916, 20 years old
MAJOR OCCUPATION: Hotel owner
RELOCATION CAMP: Hunt

Respondent
AT xxxx

NAME: Mrs. Teiko Tomita
AGE: 78
BIRTHDATE: 1896
BIRTHPLACE: Osaka-fu
WHEN CAME TO THE U.S.: 1921, 25 years old
MAJOR OCCUPATION: Housewife
RELOCATION CAMP: Hunt

Interviewer: Heihachiro Takarabe
Interview Date: May 21, 1974
Place of Interview: Seattle, Washington

Translator: Tayeko Hernandez
Typist:

Mrs Tometa begins p 4 (XXXX AT)

Q: This interview is a main project of Nenkai, that is, Japanese Presbytery. Few books are published yet about Issei, how their lives were, what kind of difficulties they experienced, or what kind of job they have had. Probably this may be the first one. The purpose of this project is to record more precise experiences of Issei, and it is already four years since we started this. This year, we got support from various places, especially from the Central Presbytery. With their support, we could come to this point. I'm going to ask various questions, please answer them frankly if you remember.

*QO: Is this a religious one?

A: No, not necessarily. You can talk about anything you like. For example, the questions begin from the situation of your home in Japan. Then you came to America, experienced the war, came back from camp, and so on. It might be good to do this interview by discussing your memories to one another.

Q: Please tell me your name first, from you.

*AO: Otoshi, Jitsuo.

Q: What is your home town?

*AO: It is Hiroshima Prefecture.

Q: When were you born?

*AO: I was born on February 20, 1904, so I am 70 years old this year.

Q: When did you come to America?

*AO: I came here in 1920.

Q: So you were 16 years old then?

*AO: Yes, I was 16 years old.

Q: Did you come here alone?

*AO: Yes, I did. My sister was married and living in America, so I went to my brother-in-law's place.

Q: Was it in Seattle?

*AO: No, it wasn't. It was about 20 miles away from there.

Q: Like this, I'm going to ask about yourselves and come back to him again. Next is you please.

**AH: I am from Iwami, Shimane Prefecture, and Shigeru Hidaka is my name. It is written (heavy) for Shigeru. I was born on May 28 in 1904. That is Meiji 37 and the same year that Mr. Otoshi was born.

Q: Oh, then, you'll soon have your birthday. In 10 days or so?

**AH: Now its my turn to be a senior at last!

Q: Seventy years old--It's relatively young for issei.

**AH: To me, it seems like I have still a long way to go.

*AO: We were probably among the last people that were sent for from America.

Q: When did you come to America?

**AH: Returning from the Russo-Japanese War, my father went to America and had lived for 11 years before he came back to Japan to take us to America. During those years, my

mother and I remained at home in Japan. Then I came to Seattle in 1918 with my parents via Victoria, and have been living here almost all the time.

Q: When was it?

**AH: It was 1918 when I was 14. It was just during the World War I.

Q: Why did your father come to Seattle? He moved up here from Southern California, didn't he?

**AH: Before coming here, my father had been in California, Wyoming, Nevada, and New Mexico working as a cook of railroads. He also picked up oranges and cherries in California. I don't know the reason, but by some reason he came up here to Seattle. Since money is the first consideration, and you can't move anywhere without money, he got settled here. Since then, I have been here for nearly 60 years.

Q: How about you?

***AU: I am from Iyo, in Ehime Prefecture of Shikoku.

Q: Just a moment please.

***AU: Rev. Noji told us that you were coming, and I was expecting rather an old pastor.

Q: Is that so?

***AU: We were expecting an older person, so we were really surprised.

*QO: Your family name, Takarabe reminded me of an old shrine,

Takarabe Shrine.

Q: I often stay at some member's house when I attend Nenkai. They look for an issei, thinking that I am an issei. I was often mistaken.

***AU: I was really surprised.

A: Really? But in the true sense, I am an issei.

Q: Please start from your name again.

***AU: My name is Kotaka Uomoto. I am from Yahata-hama (beach), Iyo, in Ehime Prefecture.

Q: When were you born?

***AU: I was born on December 11 in 1896.

Q: So you are 77 years old.

***AU: Yes, I am 77 and half years old.

Q: When did you come here from Japan?

***AU: I came to America in May of Taisho 5 (1916).

Q: You came here as a bride?

***AU: Yes. I was taken from Japan. Then I went to Cincinnati directly. My husband was working as a cook at Mr. Julian's house who was a statesman. By the time we returned there, he had elected as the Secretary of the Treasury. It was a Christian home, and whenever an important thing occured, he invited a pastor to his house to pray for the family and did something after that.

Q: What is your name?

****AT: My name is Teiko Tomita. I'm afraid that I can't pronounce

clearly, because I don't have any teeth. I am now under dental treatment.

A: That's all right. I can understand.

****AT: I was born in Osaka-fu. My husband Tomita was born in Nara and I am used to thinking myself from Nara, since I came to America. Whenever I was asked where I was from, I unconsciously answered that I was a Nara-Ken jin (a person from Nara Prefecture).

Q: Did you also come here as a bride?

****AT: Well, when our marriage was arranged, Tomita was in Yakima, which was a little bit more interior from Seattle. He came back to Japan to take me. We got married in autumn, 1920, and left for America in the spring of 1921 by boat. Then we went to Yakima and worked as farmers for eight years before moving to the suburbs of Seattle.

Q: Before asking, I had better write your names down. Your name is...

*AO: Otoshi. -toshi means useful.

Q: And your name is...

**AH: Shigeru Hidaka.

Q: There is also a man named Hidaka who is a friend of my father and living in Kagoshima. Are there a lot of surname Hidaka where you came from?

**AH: Yes, there are quite a few of them, even if there is no family relationship. A list of the people who graduated

from a school and went abroad was sent to me once. In it, I saw quite a few Hidakas.

Q: What was the most impressive experience you have had in Japan while you were young?

**AH: When I was little, I was very sickly. I was sickly for a while even after coming to this country. My mother said that I had been always suffering from diarrhea and troubled her a lot. When I was nine years old or so, I got pneumonia and had to have a leave of absence from school for one year. I was so pale, and almost dying. At school, pupils said that I had consumption, and did not come close to me. They used to make fun of me and leave me out. This is the most impressive memory I remember now. It was a miserable experience, but I began to lead a religious life because of this. Later, I finally got tuberculosis. From suffering this, I got to know Jesus Christ, and it is my testimony.

Q: How about you?

***AU: One of them is when I went to Minatogawa in Kobe area, which is famous for Masashige Kusunoki (a historically famous and brave samurai). I felt that it was a very nice place, and that impressed me. Another impressive memory is when I went to Osaka, taken by my grandmother to see a plane fly for the first time in Japan. The airplane fell to the ground, but I thought that Osaka was also a nice place. These are my memories that I

was impressed so much by.

Q: How about you, Mrs. Tomita?

****AT: I hardly had a hard time in Japan, so I don't have any particular memory to talk about except one. I remember this clearly although I was very young at that time. My father went to the Russo-Japanese War. I heard that he had been to the Sino-Japanese War, too, before I was born in Meiji 29 (1896). It was in 1904 and 1905 that the war occurred. In Japan, at that time, people were not supposed to cry in public even when their family member went to war, because it was supposed to be an honor to fight for the country as a loyal man of the Emperor. Even so, we used to cry secretly within our home and go to a shrine to do Ohyakudo-mairi, to pray for his coming back safe. All the family members who were able to walk, used to go to the shrine every day by turns. When my father was fighting in Russia, I was only seven years old and just started going to elementary school. When my turn came, I used to go to the shrine to do ohyakudo.

Q: What is ohyakudo?

****AT: Ohyakudo means that we go around a shrine a hundred times alone praying for a thing. We go around the shrine building once first, then we go to pray at the shrine to return our father safe from the war. Then we go around the building again. We repeat this a hundred times.

This is what we call ohyakudo. Therefore, I felt, although I was too little to understand, that a war was an awful thing. I often saw my grandmother and my mother crying in secret. On the contrary, when we sent him to the war with our villagers, we used to hurrah joyously, singing songs and saying that it was a happy event. To my little heart, it seemed very strange, and I wondered which was true at first. After we sent him to the war, I had to do ohyakudo-mairi to pray for his safety. This made me realize that a war was a very sad and awful thing because we didn't know if he could survive or not. I felt strongly the sadness of a war.

Q: What happened to your father?

****AT: He came back safe. How happy I was when he came home! I still remember it. All the people of the village went over to the outskirts of the village to meet him, and indeed this time everybody was happy, drinking, and singing loud. Yes, I keenly realized how awful a war would be, and would never forget the experience. Later, when I got older, I have encountered wars some times, including the World War II, 30 years ago. The bitterness of wars sank into my mind through these so deeply that I keenly think that we should not make a war any more. My father, after coming back from the war, often told me that we had to win the war by all means once we started it. I asked him why. Then he said, "Those who

lost a war could not say anything even if they were treated awfully by those who won. They have to stand all the unreasonable things, while the side that won the war can do anything bad." To think of his words, he was wrong. Although Japan lost the World War II, America didn't do anything so bad, did it? I realized that he was wrong. Even if they won a war, they should not kill or hurt innocent women. I think the Japanese military at that time was wrong.

Q: How about you, Mr. Otoshi?

*AO: When I was in the sixth grade of elementary school, a teacher took us, totally three classes, to the down-town of Hiroshima to show new buildings and novel things such as illumination, since we didn't have an opportunity to see them where we were living. We visited Chinretsukan Museum, which became later the only building remained standing after the atomic bomb was dropped over the city while everything else was burned to ashes. The building was made by reinforced concrete, and the iron frame of a dome of the building remained as it was. Last year, I went to Japan and visited the place, which reminded me of those days when I was young.

Q: Do you have any memory when you were little or going to school?

***AU: There is a memory about the time when I finished schooling. All my cousins entered Jogakko (Women's high school), and

I couldn't because my family was poor. I used to cry whenever I saw my friends going to Jogakko wearing a hakama, which was a symbol of Jogakko students. I wished I could have gone. I was so sad.

Q: How many members were there in your family?

***AU: There were nine. When my father was 47 years old, he became blind because of a cataract. For eight years after this, he had tried everything to recover his sight, going on a pilgrimage to Shikoku or consulting a doctor in Kobe. He lost his sight anyway. We became poorer and poorer after this, so I couldn't have so much schooling, just for four years.

Q: They had seven children, didn't they?

***AU: No, they had six children and a grandmother. I was the third child from the top.

Q: How many boys did they have?

***AU: They had four boys.

Q: Therefore, they had two girls, didn't they?

***AU: Yes.

Q: How many brothers and sisters did you have?

****AT: I had eight brothers and sisters, and I was the second child. The eldest child was a girl, then me, and seven more children under me; a boy, a girl, a boy, a girl, a boy, a girl and a boy. Totally nine children they had, four boys and five girls. Two were killed by a war, and one died from illness. At the time when I went

back to Japan, six years ago, six children including me were still alive. They said it was very rare to find a family where six children were still alive and got together. Two years ago, my direct younger sister died, so at present five children are remaining.

A memory of my school days was a sad one. My mother was a sickly person, maybe that was because she had had nine children, one after another, and her body got weaker. She suffered from every kind of trouble. When she was about to recover from one disease, another one was getting worse. Every part of her body was in trouble, and even a doctor was amazed at her. She was ill all the time. Therefore, I keenly felt that nothing was more precious than health. When I was a student, I lived in a dorm. I usually didn't think of her when I was there, but whenever I was coming home on a vacation, I always hoped to see her in good health. However, she was always pale and taking medicine. Since I was a teenager, I was always thinking that I would have been the happiest girl if only my mother had been healthy. With her health, she survived until after a few years that I got married, and came to America. In those days, they used to get married very young, so she was not at such an age to die. She died before 50 years of age. I still think that being healthy is the most valuable thing for human beings. That was the only worry

for me when I was young.

Q: Is there anything else to talk about when you were a pupil?

**AH: In winter just before I started my schooling, my uncle who was three years older than I, took me to his school to show me literary exercises. I can't forget this. It was before the opening. The room was in pell-mell with the audience and those who were decorating programs. There was a charcoal brazier in the room. It so happened that I was pushed by the crowd into the tall brazier, and my head was in the hot ash. Fortunately the ash was not burning, but it was very, very hot. The whole room was in an uproar, and by the time when I was pulled out of the brazier, my knees and arms were burnt severely. Feeling too hot, I scratched the burns with my hands, not knowing that it was a bad thing to do because of my ignorance. Then the skin got peeled and dangled from my body, which I felt and knew, although I couldn't see. They guessed that I had to have my head treated as soon as possible, otherwise I should be bald-headed. I ran back home crying bitterly, since it was not far away from school. It was an evening already and dusky. Seeing me, my mother almost fainted with the shock, and lost her head. The neighbors recommended that juice of a plant would do very well for a burn, but my mother would never listen to them. She thought that she had to take me to

a doctor to receive proper treatment. She thought that it was her duty to raise me safe and fine for herself while her husband was away in America. She also felt that she had to raise a fine man to hand to her husband when he came back and that it was her fault if I got bald-headed. The San-in district where I was born, was cold, as you know. It was also snowing at that night. She covered me with a cloth completely, and took me all the way to a doctor. The doctor was an old and hot-tempered man. He made his wife boil phenol hurridly after deciding to wash my head with it. He held me down and began to scrape the skin of my head roughly with gauze soaked in hot phenol. The pain was so strong that I struggled very hard to escape from him, throwing his tools. Finally I was pinned down by three people. He scraped the skin completely grinding his teeth, and bandaged my head firmly. Every day for 45 days, she had taken me to the doctor, because he had to wash my head every day to prevent the pores of the skin from being crushed and shut. She covered my head completely with a hood to protect my head from the wind, and carried me, who was seven years old, every day for 45 days. Isn't that something? Then the New Year's Day came. Living in a rural village, we used to celebrate it, gathering and having gochiso (a big dinner) together. They served mochi (rice cake), and I liked mochi very

much, but the mochi served to me didn't stretch long enough as it should have, and snapped off when I stretched it. I looked at the other's mochi, but theirs did not snap off and stretched very long, making a thin string. "What's wrong with my mochi?", I complained. My mother told me later that she had cried hearing this. The reason was that it was bad for my skin of my head to eat very starchy mochi or oily fish like sardines. With her great care, my head recovered completely like this. I really thank her, and that impressed her very much.

My mother used to tell me persistently, "Your father is in America now, and I have to raise you for myself having a hard time", "Tell me if you want anything, I'll get it by all means", "You must not do bad things", "You must never rob anything of others", "Study hard". Therefore, on the first day of elementary school, when our teacher asked us to write something on the blackboard, I was the only one that could write letters. I wrote my name in katakana (the square form of kana--Japanese syllabary), and was praised by the teacher. There was nobody else that was able to write letters. In this way, I began to like school, and finished my schooling until junior high, elected as a class leader every year. When I was in the fifth grade, my mother suffered from purpura, and was almost dying. Her hair fell off completely.

We even asked a priest to do leave-taking ceremony. Worried, I didn't study at all, and because of that, my school grades suddenly dropped tremendously. Anyway, with her encouraging me, I graduated the junior high school safely. Though I was not so sharp, teachers appreciated my gentle personality. Well, this may sound like a boastful account of my own experiences, but this is what I experienced.

****AT: Yes, that's right. Mr. Hidaka and Otoshi are very precious persons in our church now.

Q: Mr. Otoshi, do you have anything else to talk about?

*AO: Well, I just remember that I was a naughty boy when I was a pupil.

Q: What did you do?

*AO: Well, I was not talkative at all. I knew that I could not win a quarrel, so I always struck the first blow. I was called a scuffler.

Q: Were you strong?

*AO: Although I was small, I was good at fights. When I was a pupil of elementary school, I was very good at Judo and gymnastics.

Q: Before coming to America, what did you think about this country?

***AU: When I was getting married, I saw a movie about America in Japan. In the movie, I saw a 45 story building, and was greatly amazed at that. I wished to see that tall

building once before I died.

Q: That was the image of America that you thought about in Japan, wasn't it?

***AU: Yes. Then I came to this country and saw electric lights in a row along a sidewalk. "What a great country it is!" was my first impression about America. I wondered about what was waiting for me in such a country. I was very excited.

Q: Mr. Hidaka? What was your image of America when you were still in Japan?

**AH: When I was in Japan, my father used to send me some picture post-cards. Through the cards I knew that America was a fine country, being rich in materials. There was no other source to get information about America at that time. However, there was one time that a woman acrobatic pilot named Stinson came to Japan from America. Do you remember?

***AU: Yes, but what was her name?

**AH: Stinson, I guess.

*AO: There came another pilot named Art Smith, a man, I remember.

**AH: Through these informations, I strongly felt that America was an economically rich country.

****AT: I would like to mention something. I came to this country but I didn't long for America. In those days in Japan, the words "Civilized America" were very popular. Whenever

we heard the word "America", we immediately thought of a civilized country. Although I didn't yearn to come to America, I came to get married with Tomita and come to this country. Tomita and my family happened to be very, very distant relatives, and we were arranged for marriage by an acquaintance. He came back to Japan from America to get me. On the way to this country, by boat, he told me that I had to have a hard time in America. I asked him, "What kind of hard time would it be? Please tell me concretely." Then he looked confused and said, "You'll see when you get there. That's better than explaining it. Feel it there." To think about hard times, I had hardly had a hard time in Japan. All the hard times were when my mother was ill and when my father was gone to the war. So I hadn't had a true hardship. What an easy school life I had! I was even scolded by my father by saying that he had better sell a piece of rice field when we needed more money. Because they were not wealthy, my parents were always having a hard time financially, having me a boarder of a women's school, sending my younger brother to a senior high school, and also sending the rest to school. When I sensed that they were talking about their financially difficult situation, I used to say, "Don't worry about money. If you don't have enough, you can sell a piece of rice field, and the money runs short again, you can sell

another one". I was always scolded by them for saying such things. Entering the school, I led an easy school life without a worry of money situation. Then Tomita told me on the way to America that he could not explain how hard our life would be and that I should've felt the difficulties over here. He was right. As soon as I got to America, I was put in a room of the Immigration office and cried for two nights or so. Only I was put in, and my husband wasn't, since it was the second time for him to come to this country. Anyway, I got out of it without any problem. Then at a hotel, we were robbed of all our possessions; some money, some pass-books, and everything. Is there still the Pacific Hotel? That was the hotel where we were staying.

Q: What did they do in the Immigration office?

***AU: Thinking that I came to "Civilized America", I was excited. On the contrary, I was put in a room and served dry, half-cooked rice and only one kind of food. I couldn't eat it and tears fell fast. We were not informed when we could go out, and had physical examinations, such as eye and duodenum. Tomita was waiting for me at the hotel while I was there crying and not knowing when I was allowed to get out. Fortunately I stayed there only a few days. I was too miserable to eat. I thought, "Oh, this must be the beginning of hardships I'm going to have." Then we were robbed of everything, including the money

to go to Yakima.

Q: Oh, them both of you were robbed.

****AT: Yes, of course. We had put our money together. "Tomorrow, it will already start March. Let's put our money in order since we are leaving for Yakima soon", we talked and gathered everything including money in one place, making clanking noises of coins. It was the end of February. I think that somebody listened to us at that night. Next morning, everything was gone, and the door was wide open. I found that a pair of pants of Tomita's got longer. I realized that something had happened in the room. The bag that we had put all our money in after counting, was gone. Our pass-books were also stolen. We reported the theft to the police anyway, but we decided to go to Yakima, where he had been farming, as soon as possible, because we were afraid to stay in such an awful place any longer. We borrowed some money from Mr. Shimanaka, our friend, were treated to a meal, borrowed railway fares, and came to Yakima. Really, I have encountered such unimaginable and terrible happenings. Moreover, the place we went to was terrible without any electric facilities. Of course it was natural because this was 53 years ago. We didn't have electric lights. The house we lived in was a small shack, and sandy dust came into our bedroom when it was windy.

The closest house was five miles apart from ours, therefore, I didn't have a chance to get a friend. The workers were white people and some others. I didn't cry, not because I wanted to go back to Japan, for I was prepared for coming to this country. Sometimes I received a letter from my father or mother. Thinking about their words in the letters while working on the farm weeding, I cried so hard. To show the wife's help (Naijo-no-koh), I began to work on the farm weeding as soon as I got to the place, which I hadn't done in Japan, and worked very hard. I didn't mind working because I was young enough, or I didn't cry, not because of the letter I had received from my father the night before. In his letter, he said, "Civilized America", where are you now? Take care of yourself and serve your husband faithfully, whatever difficulties happen". Receiving such a letter, how could I write to him an honest letter about what happened to me; robbed of everything as soon as I got to America, or some other things. Oh, I cried and cried in the field weeding, remembering of his letter. I was a cry-baby since my high school days, and used to cry a lot in the dorm, wishing to go home, though I entered it proudly. The tears I have experienced here were more serious than that of in Japan. Although I cried secretly in a large field, Tomita saw me crying, and consoled me, saying,

"You hadn't expected to come over such a distant place where no neighbors live." "No, not that! My father, although very strict in Japan, wrote me most kind letters, and that made me cry." I didn't cry not because the place was desolate, the work was hard, nor the life I was leading was nearly primitive, though I was shocked to know these at first. To get to know that my father, whom I thought strict, sent me such a kind letter made me cry and cry. Anyway, I had stayed here for 48 years before coming back to Japan six years ago for the first time.

Q: Mrs. Uomoto, how did you feel when you came to America? Did you have any difficulties then?

***AU: No. In my village in Japan, there were quite a few people who had been to America before, therefore, I had a general idea about this country, by their information. The hardships I had was that I got homesick in Cincinnati and wanted to eat Japanese rice, and that's all.

Q: Did you go out to work?

***AU: Well, my husband was a cook and I was a nurse of the dog of Mrs. Julian. Feeding him, taking him out for a walk, and giving him some pills were my work. "I came here all the way to America to take care of a dog! This is ridiculous! Here, I don't have a chance to know even the price of rice! I shouldn't be here. I would like to go to Seattle", I said to my husband. "But they pay us a lot here", he said. "But I don't want to be a

nurse of a dog". And we moved to Seattle.

Q: Well, did you know about America well?

*AO: My elder brothers were in America, one in Hawaii and the other one in the main land, and were sending their earning money to Japan. So, I had an impression that America was the country where we could earn a lot of money. I also felt that it was good that one dollar in America could make two dollars at exchange in Japan. Seeing the pictures of my brother's, sent home from America where they wore nice clothes with a colorful necktie, I imagined that they worked in those clothes. That's all I knew about America.

Q: What did you do when you came to this country?

*AO: My brother-in-law was running a cowhouse in America.

Q: What kind of thing is it?

*AO: They kept cows and sold the milk. It was in the country and I stayed there for four or five years. Then I worked for a sawmill. There were two kinds of work; to deal with unseasoned wood, and to deal with dry wood which is called prenamil, dried in a cave. It was the prenamil where I worked.

Q: Havn't you had any dangerous experiences there?

*AO: I cut my thumb by a machine by accident. Then I quit the sawmill, went downtown, and started a hotel business.

Q: When did you start working in the morning at the sawmill?

*AO: I was starting work at eight o'clock in the morning and

worked for eight hours a day. I had one one hour break, and the work was over at 5:00 p.m. When they had a lot of work, I used to work overtime from 6:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m.

Q: How did the accident happen?

*AO: The machine I was using was for woodwork, and the wood, which was usually a very long one, was processed very slowly and took time until the end of it held by my hand got to the working section of the machine. I was wearing gloves. Having enough time, I was checking something under the machine with my hand on the edge of the wood. I thought the edge had not yet gotten close to a cogwheel of the machine, but I was caught by a tip of my glove by the cogwheel. Fortunately, the power of the machine wasn't strong, and the machine stopped itself. When a neighbor worker cranked back the machine, my finger was crushed completely. I went to a doctor at once. Some suggested not to have it cut even the doctor would recommend so, since the shape of the thumb would remain. My elder brother was also injured on his arm. He could have saved his life if he had had it cut off from the shoulder. Instead, he had his arm cut off from the elbow, but bacilli had already gone further from it. By the time when he had his arm cut off from the shoulder, the bacilli had already entered deep inside his body and it was too late. He died from this.

Knowing this, from his case, I thought it was silly of me to lose my life in order to save one finger. Since the doctor recommended to cut it off, I accepted his opinion.

Q: Were there a lot of people injured?

*AO: Yes, there were quite a few of them. Only one month after I got injured, a man working on the same machine as I did also got injured seriously. He had his arm planed, and had it cut off from the shoulder. Another person was injured the same way as I was--caught by his glove. Working on a very powerful machine, he had his arm cut off completely by the machine. Realizing this job dangerous, I quit it.

Q: It was around 1920 that you came to America, wasn't it?

**AH: I came here in 1918.

*AO: It was 1920.

****AT: 1921 was the year.

***AU: It was Taisho 5 (1916)

Q: That is...?

*AO: Since Meiji 45 was also Taisho 1,...

Q: How old were you in that year, Mrs. Uomoto?

***AU: I was 20 years old.

Q: When were you born?

***AU: I was born in 1896.

Q: Therefore, it was in 1916 that you came to America.

Q: At that time, quite a few picture-brides came to this country, didn't they? How did you get married, and when?

*AO: When I visited Japan in 1929, I got married with a woman who was born in America.

Q: Was she, then, a Nisei?

*AO: Yes, in that sense, she was. But she went back to Japan when she was two years old, and grew up mostly in Japan. She was still domiciled in America then, so...

Q: Mr. Hidaka, how did you find your wife?

**AH: When I was 32 years old, that is in 1936, I met a woman born in Seattle who had just come back to America from Japan where she went back at the age of two. Rev. Kawamochi acted as matchmaker of our marriage. When he transferred from Seattle to San Francisco, he took this girl, who is now my wife, with him since he liked her. He used to tell her that he was going to find her husband for her. I guess he was thinking of me as her husband. Anyway, our marriage was arranged and he brought her to Seattle, married us, and then took her to San Francisco with him again. I followed her part of the way.

Q: Is that so? This happens sometimes, doesn't it? Although you were young at that time, you saw a lot of picture-brides, didn't you?

****AT: Yes. I'm not sure if I was a picture-bride, since my husband-to-be came to Japan to take me here. He often

told me that the year was the last year of picture-brides.

Q: Was that in 1924?

****AT: No. He came back to Japan in the fall of 1920, and we came here in 1921. Thereafter, it was prohibited.

Q: For picture-brides, it was good if their husband-to-be came to Japan to take them...

How about in your case, Mrs. Uomoto?

***AU: He came back to Japan to find his bride, and happened to meet me.

Q: How did he know you? Were you relatives or so?

***AU: A relative recommended me, saying, "There is a girl who looks healthy and very tall. How do you think of her? Although it seems that she hasn't studied so much..." "All right, even so..." was his answer. That's it.

Q: Over there in Japan, picture-brides couldn't say "Yes" or "No", could they. It often happened that they found out, arriving here, that the person was much older or completely a different person from the picture sent to her.

****AT: I've heard such stories a lot. Sent a picture of a handsome man, expecting that person as her husband, she found out a different person meeting her when she got to America. I heard that quite a few troubles happened. Some brides went back to Japan again, saying he didn't come the same as the picture she had received.

Q: What kind of story do you remember?

**AH: They tended to hide their weak points and tell only good things about themselves, I guess, in those days. For example, a man working on railroads might have said that he was working for the Northern Pacific Railroad Company or so. She might have thought that he was the President or something.

*AO: When I was working in a farm, I was sometimes splashed feces on by the cow I was milking, but I didn't send such a picture of me. I sent the picture of myself wearing my Sunday dress with a colorful tie. Naturally it happened to be different from the reality.

**AH: Or, some asked a photographer to retouch their picture.

***AU: There was a lady named Amano who came to America by the same boat as mine. Looking into the picture of her husband to-be, I said, "Amano, isn't the person over there your husband?" pointing at him. A little later, she began to cry. "What's the matter with you?", I asked. He was the same person, and his face and physique seemed to be the same to me. Saying, "He looks so much different from what I expected", she cried and cried. She told me that she had to go with him anyway. When I met her 20 years ago, they were doing very fine, having three children. "How's your life?" I asked. She answered, "I'm happy since my husband turned out to be a better man than what

I thought." They were getting along well, although he is 14 to 15 years older than she. Anyway, I cried for her at the port, because I couldn't do anything for her, feeling very sorry.

Q: Those who came to America in earlier days were usually left in Japan when they were very young. Maybe as naughty boys.

***AU: They were usually older than their wives by 13 years or so, but most of the marriages were successful. As far as I know, I seldom see an unsuccessful marriage.

****AT: Besides, it was not easy for them to run away indiscreetly back to their parents.

***AU: How would you like this story? About 10 men came to this country from our village within one year. Asked, "Before coming back to Japan, how much money are you going to earn over there?" Some answered, "After I earn a million dollars, I would come back," "Yes, me too!" "I would come back after I earned five hundred dollars." The rest of them said that they would come back to Japan after earning $10,000, with a trunk and a gold-chained watch. The person who answered "a million dollars" was Mr. Nishimura.

****AT: Oh, then, he almost made it!

***AU: There was another man who also said "a million dollars"--Mr. Tamura. He raised pigs in California. When he earned almost half a million dollars, his pigs had small-

pox and were all killed. He could not accomplish his promise, but was almost making it. The man who answered "five hundred dollars", earned that money and went back to Japan. He is now doing very fine, renting houses, and owning an orange orchard. Those who answered "$10,000" were our husbands, and they proved to be hopeless. I keenly realized how important and influential the idea would be for a young man to his future life, because he concentrates everything to his idea. This man, Mr. Nishimura, was a member of our church. He was quite a man, wasn't he.

**AH: He was awarded "Konji-Hosho" (Navy-blue Award: An award presented by Japanese Government for one's fine deeds) before he deceased. He donated $30,000 to Japan.

***AU: He also founded a scholarship. Anyway, among the ten men from our village, two men promised to earn a million dollars, one man 500 dollars, and the rest 10,000 dollars. Most of the people of "10,000-dollar group" didn't succeed.

Q: How about you? Have you often heard about picture-brides?

*AO: I heard about this, but I didn't listen precisely.

**AH: I once worked on railroads in a rural place. Some people liked to talk funny things, consequently we came to the topic of picture-brides. A man living in Oak Harbor married with a picture-bride. Looking at her picture,

he wasn't impressed so much. Thus, he wasn't expecting so much from her. On the contrary, meeting her, he told us that she was more than what he had expected, and he was so glad for this.

Q: How long have you worked on railroads?

**AH: I came to America, and soon after that, I became a school boy and lived in a college dormitory, where 19 white girls were living, since the most important thing for me was to get used to English. There I stayed for one year, moved into a white family, and stayed there for two years. Then I came back to the dorm again to work, because a cook, a Japanese, persistently asked me to come over to help him. At that time, I decided to become an artist. I thought I was able to paint good pictures, so I supposed I would be able to earn my living as an artist. That was my dream. When I graduated from 8-year grammer school, I became a worker by ignoring the chance to go to high school. I guess my father was silly at that time. He said to me, "Since we came here to earn money, we will go back to Japan after we earned enough. Even if you studied in America, it would be useless in Japan. It will do if you study for being a dentist or some good work. You would never be able to earn your living if you became a poor painter. It is much better for you to work and earn money here, since we will go

back to Japan sooner or later." To think of this, I feel sorry for what I did--missing the chance of studying. Obeying his advice, I went to rural areas to work on railroads at the age of 19. I worked on a railroad in Oregon for three years, then I came down here to work for the Main Line Railroad, after that I worked for a sawmill. Then I went back to Oregon. Thus, I ran all around Washington carrying my belongings. This was my youth--until I was 25 or 26 years old. Next, I began to work at a restaurant downtown where my father was working as a cook. In 1931, of depression time, both of us were discharged on the same day. Around two o'clock on that day, he was told to lay off because of the depression. I thought I could continue to work, but I was also told to lay off at night. We knew that it was impossible for us to find a new job at that time, and a brother and a sister were born here, so we had to feed them, too. We borrowed some money to buy a restaurant whose owner, a Japanese, was selling it, and began to run the restaurant.

Q: Was it in Seattle?

**AH: Yes, in a China Town in Seattle. We sold food very cheap, as Mrs. Uomoto knows. In those days, prices were very low. Like hot-cakes, we served three pieces of hotcakes which were too big to fit a plate, mashed potatoes, two slices of butter, coffee, apple sauce, and abundant syrup.

Only ten cents for this. We sold stew for ten or fifteen cents, pork chops for twenty-five cents, rib steak for twenty-five cents, and a turkey dinner for seventy to seventy-five cents. We sold everything at very low prices, and didn't make a profit. Without a holiday, I used to work for twelve hours to eighteen hours from morning to night. My parents used to leave the house around three o'clock in the morning, get prepared, and open the restaurant around five thirty in the morning. They came home around ten o'clock at night. No Sundays, no holidays for us. I used to go there around eight o'clock in the morning. It was almost three o'clock in the morning that I came home after I closed the restaurant and mopped the floor. We did this business from 1931 until the outbreak of the war. We didn't save money at all, we just survived. It was a ridiculous story. The competition in this business was very keen. There were quite a few restaurants downtown. I used to go to the places to check how popular they were, or for how much they were selling a certain dish. At some restaurants downtown, a bowl of stew was sold at five cents. As years passed, I had a hemorrhage of the lungs and caught T.B., so I quit working, while my parents kept running the restaurant until 1941 when the war broke out. My life was that of a struggle. Maybe I was too stupid.

If you were wise enough to manage the situation, you could make a big profit. I was so honest that I was satisfied with myself by satisfying customers by serving a big dinner in order not to make them complain. I used to eat my meals on the fly, standing.

Q: Didn't you have time to enjoy yourself? Such as hobbies?

**AH: No, I didn't.

Q: Oh, poor man!

****AT: We were too busy and desperate. We had to grow up children, and send them to school. We couldn't afford such enjoyable things.

**AH: It was right after our baby was born that I coughed up blood.

Q: Was it in 1937?

**AH: No, it was in 1938. I had a very hard time then.

Q: What did you do then?

**AH: In 1938, I had such a big hemorrhage of the lungs that I felt that the final moment had come to me. Around four o'clock in the morning, I felt a funny itchy feeling around here, so I got up and something suddenly came up into my mouth. I went to a sink and threw it in--it was filled with red blood. I felt a presentiment, I had never felt or been so depressed in my life. The blood came up from the lungs again and again and colored the sink red. Even if I ran the water, again the blood came

up. Living in a hotel, I went to a bathroom there. Again the blood came up. In those days, T.B. was a dangerous disease, and people avoided the person of this disease. I still had a brother and sister unmarried. It was just hell for me. Being afraid that she might be worried, I didn't tell my wife then. This happened about one year after our baby was born. Sorry to say, I hid this from her, and wondered what to do. Without telling her anything, I left home and went to my parent's restaurant. When I was going to eat rice, pretending nothing happened, the blood again came up to my throat, so I had to tell them the truth. They told me to go to see Dr. Kato. Checking my body, he said, "This is no big deal. Only catarrh of the lungs." Hearing the word "catarrh of the lungs", I felt like the disease I had was not so serious. If I had been told the word "tuberculosis", I would have felt my disease serious. I thought it wasn't hopeless, and returned home with bitter medicine. Well, it was not easy to handle this situation. I had to tell my wife about this, and I did. When I came back home from the restaurant on that day, I sensed something wrong since things were gone and I didn't see the baby. I found out my wife was gone. To tell the truth, hearing me, she was so depressed and shocked, that she went back to her parent's place with the baby

and a suitcase.

***AU: It was a wise thing for her to have done.

**AH: When she was in Japan, her uncle also had a hemorrhage of the lungs and caught T.B.. Taking care of her husband, her aunt died earlier than him--my wife's uncle--having a hemorrhage. Seeing this, she felt nothing was more dangerous than T.B.. Being afraid of the baby catching this disease, she went back to her parent's home in order to keep the baby away from me for a while. Discovering that she was gone, I felt miserable. Living in a hotel, I didn't have a place to cook, so I had to go to our restaurant to eat, but I couldn't do that physically. I had to lie quietly and wasn't allowed to move, because any action could cause a hemorrhage of the lungs. The doctor also told me to eat a lot in order to develop my physical strength, so I had to eat. Since my parents were busy working at the restaurant, they couldn't bring a meal to me, who was so sick. What a bad time for her to go back to her parent's house. For what reason was she married to me, who was suffering and needed her? I blamed her very much. On that night, in spite of suffering from the sickness, I went up a slope to Walders where my wife went back, which was quite far away, in order to roar at her. Tears flowed out of my eyes. How irritated I was! Coming to the front of her house,

I tried to enter, but I couldn't, because I also had a weak point about this matter. How could I answer if I was told that I was merely hiding the fact of my suffering of T.B.. Her father was especially a strict man, so I was afraid to come in the house. I passed the house and went up to the top of the slope. There, I thought for a while what to do. I decided to enter the house and thunder at her on the way back, but I couldn't do that this time, either. Evening came, and tears fell out of my eyes. I came back depressed and slept alone on that night. The next day, Mrs. Uomoto, hearing the news that I was sick, visited me and sympathized with me very much. Her prayer was so ardent that I can never forget.

***AU: Since my husband was also suffering from T.B., I could imagine his suffering.

**AH: Then I got some helpers. A lady called McArrow, who was working at a Baptist Women's Home and helping sick people like me, suggested me to stay in the Home since it had a porch. In those days, sick people used to take care of themselves outdoors in a porch, since it was thought that fresh air was good for their illness. She suggested that it would be good for me to sleep on the porch while my wife and child slept inside the room. But, I thought that it would be unbearable for them that they had to use the same kitchen as I, a T.B. patient, would use.

I thought I should refrain from accepting the proposal, and didn't go to the Home. After a while, my wife came back to me dejectedly, but I had some trouble with my wife's father. He got very mad at me, telling me that he would get her back from me. He said, "It is said that T.B. has a 3-year latent period. In spite of this fact, you married with my daughter, hiding your illness. Such an unpardonable man!" He got so angry at me that we had some trouble then.

***AU: Although I seldom visited him in a hospital, every time I saw him, I found him a finer person than the last time. "He became a finer gentleman than before," I told my husband. "Oh, then he will be all right!" he answered. Those who followed a process like him always got well.

**AH: Gaining weight is a good sign.

***AU: Yes, I guess so. Anyway, you looked very calm and composed there.

**AH: T.B. patients have some fever around 4:00 p.m. every day, so they tend to lose their appetite. Consequently they usually lose weight gradually. In my case, I gained nine pounds every month for six months since I entered the hospital.

***AU: That's not the only reason you looked finer. You painted pictures or did something. I think you developed your personality and became a man of character.

Q: Did you paint pictures?

**AH: Yes, There was a quarterly magazine named "PEP". As an art editor of it, I made the design of the cover with linoleum cut in black for one year.

Q: Did you enter the hospital?

**AH: I started working in a hotel after I had the first hemorrhage of the lungs in 1938. In the very middle of the Pearl Harbor Battle in 1941, I had a return of T.B., which I thought I had recovered from, and had a heavy hemorrhage of the lungs again. I broke down finally. It was just the time when World War II broke out and people used to pull blinds down and turn out lights that I was taking care of myself at home. People were afraid to hear the rumor that Japanese submarines were at the coast. Finally I decided to enter a T.B. hospital recommended by my acquaintance. Although I was admitted to the hospital, the anti-Japanese mood was very strong. There were about 70 Japanese patients in the hospital, but there were some people in the Social Welfare Department who were strongly insisting that the Japanese patients didn't have to be taken care of any more by using public money because Japan was doing bad things, attacking Pearl Harbor, Singapore, Manila, and China. Therefore, when I went to a city clinic the day before I entered the hospital, the administrator of the T.B. hospital asked me, "What do you

think about the war? How do you feel as a Japanese?" "It's a sad thing and my heart is full." "Did you see the head-lines of newspapers?" "Yes, I did." "Every day, Japanese soldiers are doing terrible things. Despite this, you say you are going to the T.B. hospital in Freeland. There are quite a few people who are opposed to you entering the hospital. Of course, it is questionable why we have to help Japanese--the enemy of America." "But, doctor, I am not responsible for that war", I said. Then he said, "Yes, I know that. Being an administrator, I'll let you go there. From a humanitarian point of view, we have to take care of you, giving medecine, and make you recover from the illness by all means. So, go to the hospital. Don't care about anything people say to you, be calm and try not to answer back, only saying "Yes","Yes". Isn't that enough for you to get well? Go ahead." I stayed there for four years and came back at the same time that the war ended. Thinking of these experiences, I thought them God's trials and that He saved me. This was the motivation of my believing in God, otherwise I was never the person who would enter a religious life.

****AT: I am second to none that has experienced real poverty. I have led my life of fifty years here, being poor in material, and experienced in my life that I cannot forget

yet. This happened about forty years ago. I suddenly lost my daughter of two and five months old. She was missing. We had lived in Yakima which I mentioned before for eight to nine years. Then we moved here in the suburbs to start a nursery business. It was the time of 1929,1930 and 1931--in which was the bottom of depression. The money we had saved in Yakima was already gone long time ago. We didn't have any savings, and were in the depth of poverty. I worked. I had to. Taking care of my children, I worked whenever it wasn't raining. I can't forget the very day. It was on the thirteenth of December, forty years ago. Although I was restless with Christmas coming soon, I was on a farm to weed since it was a fine day. We had a warm winter that year. I was thinking that I had to go back home soon to prepare for lunch since it was almost noon. I was very far away from my house and couldn't even see it from where I was, since the farm was rather large. My elder two children were at school. The younger girls, one was five, and the other two years and five months old were playing on the farm and around the house. I said to them, "Mama is going home soon to cook, so you both go back home now", and they left. When I came back home to cook, I found the five-year-old girl reading a picture book at home. I asked her, "What happened to Yaye-chan?" "She

was playing and singing in the garage." I looked for her all over the place--the farm, and every corner, but I couldn't find her. It was like a mystery. Far from cooking lunch! At once, neighbors and the whole village was in an uproar. Nobody would have helped me look for her in co-operation like that even if I lost a million dollars. Her missing ended up with mystery. People from all directions cooperated with me. I even put it in a newspaper, but I didn't get any response at all. In this country, we cannot do anything to a person who is suspicious if we don't have proof. I could think of a person who was suspicious, and my friend also mentioned him as a suspect, but I couldn't say anything about him since I didn't have any evidence.

Q: Suspicious? Does it mean that something was stolen?

****AT: No. If we had been rich, they would have kidnapped our child to get money. But, we were in the depth of poverty. We moved to a small house just like a barn. We were to build our house when we earned money. You could see at one glance that we were very poor, living in a falling-down house. It was clear that the person didn't kidnap for money. The only suspicious person I could think of was a baker who delivered bread every day. He came over that day, too, when I'd just started looking for her. Some neighbors had already come to my house. I told

him that my youngest girl was missing and that I couldn't find her anywhere. He just said, "Is that so?", and soon left. He always drove to this direction, but on that day, he went back. At that moment, I didn't notice it strange. Later, I mentioned this to the neighbors, then they said that she might be run over, being such a little girl. I told the police about this, but they didn't listen to me because I didn't have proof. Everybody said, "The baker might have run over and hurt her. He might have hid her in his car to conceal his sin. Coming to your house, he found out that everybody was already looking for her, so he got scared and drove away to bury her body somewhere". Of course it is a guess. Although she was little, she was a docile child. She used to play alone singing when I was busy working on the farm. On the contrary, she was too young to realize danger and ran out to a road to walk alone. This is the only possibility I could think of. But, this suspicion ended in smoke. If the thing I lost had been a million dollars, they would have given up looking for it soon, but since it was a child, the people in the village devoted themselves entirely to finding her despite that it was the busiest time in the year--the end of the year. But, she was not found. At that time, the minister of this Presbyterian Church was the late Rev. Kawamorita. He at once

visited me and helped me a lot. His wife also visited me. But, there was no way left for us to try. I thought, "In Japan, police would never leave this affair unsettled. What is all this about! In this civilized America! I couldn't do anything, and the incident was remained as it was. One year later, Rev. Kawamorita gave a funeral at the former church, but we didn't have her remains nor anything at all. Of course, no grave. This didn't satisfy us. A few years ago, a boy of Mr. Mukai died. His body was found in a mountain after some weeks. Although I didn't express myself, I felt envious. My girl's case still remains open, a mystery, nobody, neither police nor pastor, can do anything to this matter. This story is going to be too long if I start telling it, so I will stop here. Anyway, I was saved by the teachers, the pastor, the friends of this church. Before that, I hadn't had any religious faith. Living eleven miles south from here, I hadn't come to this church. I didn't know a thing about Christianity. Of course in Japan, I had visited shrines and prayed to gods in my own way, saying, "Please help me get good grades in this coming examination", or, "May my mother be well when I come back home".

Being such a young child as two years old or so, she was innocent, and I am sure that she would be allowed to live in the Kingdom of God. If I didn't lead an earnest church

life, I would not be able to live in the same Kingdom, would I? Before the incident occurred, I had been hard-headed, but I became Christian by it. Mr. Hidaka also became a devout Christian, whom I could never hold a candle, by an experience he had had. Leaving the place in the country, we moved close to this town. This enabled me to attend the church and I am very grateful. You know Mrs. Kawamorita, don't you, since she is still living?

A: Yes, I do.

****AT: Holding her baby in her arms, she came to my place by bus to console me. She read me the Bible, and sang hymns to me, who didn't know any of them. This is the hardest experience I've had in my life, and poverty would be nothing compared with this. I could never erase this off my memories. On the other hand, through this experience, I was taught happiness and thankfulness that I had never known before, and I think I should never make this vain experience.

Q: How many children did you have totally?

****AT: I had five of them, including that deceased child. After she died, another child was born, who is now 38 years old and has two children.

Q: At that time, did you have two children?

****AT: No, I already had four of them then, and the youngest was

the one...

Q: Who died?

****AT: Yes, the youngest was the one who was suddenly missing.

Q: Didn't you have another baby after that?

****AT: Yes, I did. Two years later, just before I was getting baptized, I had a baby.

Q: So you had four children again?

****AT: Yes, that's right. I had had one boy and three girls, then I lost a girl and a boy was born after that. So, I have two boys and two girls now. This boy eased my grief, and friends told me that he was born for the late girl. I could never give her up unless I believed what they said. Anyway, this is the hardest experience my husband and I have had.

Q: Mrs. Uomoto, you left the Julians and...?

***AU: And we came to Seattle.

Q: When was it?

***AU: We had stayed over there for one year and a half before we came here. Since I havn't kept record...

Q: That's all right. Then did your husband start a restaurant?

***AU: No, he started a hotel business. When the depression came and our bank went bankrupt, he really worked hard day and night. Maybe that's why he had consumption.

Q: What was the name of the hotel?

***AU: It was the "Klan Hotel".

Q: What did you do with the hotel when he became ill?

***AU: I ran the hotel for myself while he was in the hospital.

****AT: Rev. Kawamorita once said that Mrs. Uomoto was quite a woman. She managed it while having children.

***AU: I thought then, "How tough it is to be a man!"

Q: Why?

***AU: When my husband died and I had to run the hotel for myself, I experienced a very hard time, feeling as if I was carrying a heavy burden on my back. "How hard it is to live as a man! He has to live to support his whole family. What a heavy responsibility to carry!", I thought. For the first time in my life, I realized the reality of being a man, and thought that I had to bring up my four boys strong by all means.

Q: Did he pass away?

***AU: He lived to be 83 years old.

Q: I see. But, you had to run the hotel when he became ill, didn't you?

***AU: Yes, I did little by little.

Q: How many rooms were there in the hotel?

***AU: There were 46 rooms then.

Q: That's quite a big hotel, wasn't it? Did you do it for yourself?

***AU: Yes, I did. I had to do it for myself because of the depression.

**AH: You worked at a cafe, too, didn't you?

***AU: Yes, when my husband was sick, I sold the hotel thinking that he would get well without going to the hospital if I sold the hotel and took care of him. We spent all the money, and there was no other way for me than going to a restaurant to wash dishes. The money I got by dishwashing was very small, then I saw an advertisement in a newspaper looking for a chambermaid, which happened to be put in by Mr. Otoshi. Since they were paying high, I went to the place to get the job. Mr. Otoshi was a person who didn't talk so smooth, and was rather poor at talking. While he was taking time trying to tell me he would hire me, Mrs. Otoshi said to me, "All right, come here to work". So I went back to the restaurant and explained to the boss, "I am going to work at another place since they pay good money, so please look for somebody else." Then he said, "I'll pay as much as they pay you, so please stay here!" I had to go to Mr. Otoshi again to turn down his job offer. It was so hard for me to go over to him, who was kind enough to give me the job that I bought some apples to take to him to tell him that I was not coming. Oh, it was really hard! I worked at the restaurant dishwashing. I had two jobs then, and I was thinking, "If God cares for me, He would never take my life away. Even if I break down, He

will save me, therefore I should have no fear", and I worked at two places.

Q: You mean you worked at your hotel?

***AU: No, I worked at a restaurant. We had already sold our hotel and the money we got for that were all gone. I did dishwashing at the restaurant, and in the daytime I worked as a chambermaid.

Q: What was the name of the restaurant?

***AU: It was called "Casino Coffee", and a very interesting place. It was in a club. Inside the club there was a little restaurant, where I did dishwashing. Then the owner of the place was going back to Japan and asked me if I knew somebody who wanted to buy it. So, I asked him to offer the restaurant to me.

Q: You? Yourself?

***AU: Yes. But I didn't have such money. My son, George, who is now a pastor, said to me once when he was leaving for Alaska, "Mom, he tells you to buy this restaurant. If you buy this, you can make your living. But we don't have cash now. What should we do, since nobody has such money to lend us?" So, he went to the owner and asked him to hand over the restaurant to me, and told him that he was going to pay the downpayment with his salary when he came back from Alaska. George didn't write a letter to me from Alaska, which made me worry what was happening to him.

I wondered if he was too depressed to come back. Finally he came back haggard. "What's the matter with you?", I asked him. "I worked really hard day and night, and look, Mom, I brought you such a big check!" This was God's blessing. Whenever I needed money, I got it in some way.

Q: How much did he bring to you?

***AU: Less than two hundred dollars. The restaurant being very small and dirty, we could get it with a small amount of money. You can imagine how it was, since we could pay the downpayment with the check. Thereafter, I became able to support my family. Then one day, George told me that he wanted to go to college. I said, "O.K., you want to go to college, and I want to send you there. Only we don't have money...let's pray". George prayed to God every morning that he wanted to go to college. I was saying, "You want to go to school. But, we don't have money. Since the first two conditions are satisfied out of three, the last one condition will lose some day". He went to a college for four years, with only one suit.

Q: Is Ted your...?

***AU: He is my third child. Being uneducated, I couldn't go out to preach Christianity to the others. I thought people would laugh at a person like me preaching. But, Rev. Kawamorita insisted on my going to preach. I said, "People will laugh at me..." "But it's the Lord's

mission", he said. Anyway, his words became a burden for me, so I thought, "I'm going to have my children do this".. and I told my four children to say prayers. I was too shy to say my prayers in public. I said to George, "I'll give you five cents, so say the Lord's Prayer". "You'll give me five cents? O.K., then I'll say it." Then the second child began to say, "Give me five cents too, and I'll say the prayer". Thus, the prayers became real things later.

Q: It's a new way, wasn't it?

***AU: I also made a condition that they could spend this five cents on anything they liked. I didn't tell them not to buy this or that or to put it in the savings. I told them that they could buy even ice-cream with it, since it was the reward. These prayers gradually became real prayers. Although I couldn't preach to the other people, I did it to my children. I have two grandchildren now, and both of them know the Old Testament and the New Testament completely, and taught me recently. One of them is working at an office where they help finding friends for those who came out of jail and those who were overdosed on drugs. He teaches me stories from the Old Testament so I was told, "Grandma, you are able to preach a sermon these days.

Q: Mr. Otoshi, what did you do after quitting the sawmill job?

*AO: In the end of 1929, I started a hotel business, and soon the depression came. Fortunately I was able to manage to go through it, and until three years ago I continued to run the hotel and apartments. Then they burnt down in a big fire three years ago, and I retired from the business since then.

Q: What was the name of the hotel?

*AO: I had the apartment on Seventh Avenue.

Q: How many rooms were there?

*AO: There were about 42 units. Once I used to sell and buy apartments, six or seven complexes. I used to have apartments at three different locations for a long time. Toward the end when I was dealing with fewer apartments, a building caught fire and twelve persons were killed. Since then the Fire Court of Seattle became very strict and the old hotel and apartments became unable to comply with the Court. I feel terribly sorry for the accident, but what could I do? Then a law suit of over two million dollars was brought up, but we settled the case out of court.

***AU: Mr. Otoshi, every misfortune you've met befell from outside didn't it? We once talked about this and thought it strange.

*AO: My tenants caused a fire two time. The first one wasn't a big fire, and nobody was injured although two units were burnt down severly. But, the fire started three

years ago, was just incredible. In less than one hour, maybe within thirty to forty minutes, everything including the hallway was completely burnt down and became unable to use it any more.

Q: How many years ago?

*AO: It was just three years ago, on April 25.

Q: Did you have a hard time during the depression time?

*AO: It was very severe from 1930 to 1935.

****AT: I was experienced a hard time then, both physically and mentally.

***AU: Quite a few people including white people committed suicide. I saw a few Issei picking up vegetables from garbage cans of a market at night.

**AH: I was operating a restaurant then. Around ten o'clock at night, when I was looking out of a window sitting by a counter after I closed the restaurant, a Japanese man came. I saw him eating some stuff from a garbage can.

***AU: Yes. Everybody didn't have money.

**AH: Japanese people didn't like to receive money or food, unlike today. Before the war, they would never do that. Consequently, they were leading quite a frugal life.

Q: But, they had to pick up food from garbage cans secretly at night, didn't they?

**AH: Yes, they did. There were some left-over meat in the garbage cans of a restaurant, wasn't there? They picked

that up. They put on the clothes or shirts picked up from hotel's garbage cans. I heard that Rev. Kawamorita used to take his food out on a porch secretly at night.

***AU: He was quite an unusual person, Rev. Kawamorita.

****AT: I heard that even he himself didn't receive a salary regularly. And, yet he shared his with other people.

*AO: When he received something from somebody, he didn't take all of it and shared it with those who were in need and took it to them.

***AU: Yes. Rev. Kawamorita was a fine person, and looked like a boss to us.

**AH: One day I took him for a ride. When we came back to Lincoln Park in the evening, he proposed, "Mr. Hidaka, let's take a break", and jumped into a river. "Oh, I feel good!" He took off his shoes and swam. Then, he sat down on the grass and seemed troubled. "What's the matter with you?" I said. Taking off his stocking, he started mending a hole with a needle. The hole was so big that his toes came out from it.

****AT: Yes. Mrs. Kawamorita also wore worn-out shoes and visited me in the country all the way by bus.

**AH: They sometimes wore an odd pair of shoes with different colors.

****AT: Yes, they wore dirty, worn-out shoes.

***AU: One day Rev. Kawamorita said to me, "Hello, hello, how

are you doing?" I wondered why he called me. Then he handed me five dollars in my hand. "What is he going to do if I take this money?" I hesitated, but I borrowed it anyway since I needed it. Ten years later, I returned that five dollars to him. I went all the way to San Francisco to see and thank him. I had prayed very hard that I could go to see him before he died, and I returned the five dollars to him. Yes, he was such a person.

****AT: At that time, we were in deep sorrow and so depressed that we used to cry a lot whenever we talked. But when he visited us, he blew our grief away with his broad laughter. "Well, learn hymns! Open your book at number so-and-so!" He sang us hymns in very loud voices like a drum, and we were consoled of our sorrows.

***AU: He was a rare person.

****AT: Then he told us a story from the Bible. He read to us and said, "Yours is nothing! It would be useless if you don't make a good use of it!" Yes, the priest really encouraged us.

Q: He was very good at the Hebrew language.

***AT: Unfortunately he passed away so young.

**AH: He passed away at the age of sixty-six.

A: It's a pity.

**AH: He deceased in our deep lament.

Q: How was the life of a common Issei at that time? There were quite a few unmarried people then, around 1920 and 1930, weren't there?

****AT: There weren't any unmarried Issei any more after the war.

Q: How about before the war?

**AH: If you went to the country, you might be able to find some unmarried Issei. Such as at a railroad company where single persons worked, you could find quite a few of them.

Q: But there weren't so many of them in an urban area, were there?

**AH: No, there weren't so many.

Q: They had already been married and settled, hadn't they?

**AH: Yes, they had, most of them.

Q: At that time, there were still a lot of amusement places, weren't there? Such as gambling places and restaurants.

**AH: When was it when gangsters infested? There were such people called Kinpachi in prewar days, weren't there?

*AO: Yes, there were.

Q: What is Kinpachi?

**AH: He is a boss in a gambling place, and like a gangster. There was a gambling place called Tohyoh Club, where those who had earned money in Alaska used to be cleaned out in one night. This Kinpachi whose name was Yamamoto

something, had a branch in Los Angeles.

***AU: Yes, he was called Yamamoto Kinpachi, so his family name should be Yamamoto.

**AH: In a magazine during the war, it was said that he had some connection with spys from Japan and FBI followed him like a shadow, so he went back to Japan in the early stage. Then he went to Manchuria. I imagine that he sought his fortune there again. He is now living in Japan, or did he die the other day?

*AO: He has passed away already, I think.

**AH: He may be deceased now. Anyway he was very well known in those days. There happened quite a few murders among gangsters fighting for parties and power. There were quite a few of them killed on streets. After the war, this kind of thing no longer happened.

Q: Did you experience rejection in this area before the war?

***AU: Yes, we did. You mean such rejection as we were not given a job, don't you?

****AT: They didn't give us a job and refused us visiting for studying if we were Japanese. Amazing enough, they employed us a lot after the war.

Q: What else do you remember of rejection? Was there anybody beaten?

***AU: There were quite a few people who couldn't get a job because of being Japanese, weren't there?

****AT: The incidents that people were beaten just because they were Japanese had decreased, hadn't they? Such barbarous things...

**AH: Yes.

***AU: There was no such incident that Japanese people were beaten.

****AT: The reason why we left the country farm and came here was that they stopped leasing land to Japanese. Before, they had leased us large amounts of land of the Indian Reservation, dozens of acres.

Q: When did it happen?

****AT: We came here in 1929, the severest depression time, not knowing how bad the situations were. That means the year they stopped leasing was around 1926 or 1927. So we had to quit farming. There was a big nursery of a white man named Mamill, close to where we used to live. My husband got the job there and worked as a nursery man for about three years. When he became able to start himself in business, we came here and started a nursery. That was the very time that the depression had just started.

***AU: There were even a lot of hotels that refused to rent a room to Japanese people. Even the hotel Mr. Kageyama is now running, never leased to Japanese people before.

**AH: Yes. The mood was bad for a while after the war, wasn't it?

***AU: I was told that they would lease to no Japanese when I went there.

****AT: There was one thing that I was struck with admiration, though. I came back here again after the three-year camping life when the war ended. Everybody was afraid and cautious that people might throw stones to us since we lost the war. On the contrary, the next day when we came back home, our neighbors visited us, saying, "Oh, Tomita! How nice you came back. Welcome, welcome!", and hugged and kissed to each of us. They gave a dollar to each one of my family members from old to young. I thought then, how innocent and beautiful hearted the white people were. We, the Japanese lost the war miserably, didn't we? There still were some places where people were saying "Remember Pearl Harbor!", while our neighbors in the country were very nice to us. It's embarassing, but we took the money since there was no way to refuse it.

Q: How did you feel when the Pearl Harbor was attacked?

***AU: My husband was reading a newspaper while my four children were in the parlor. Then my husband cried out, "It broke out! At last!" "What happened?", I asked. "At last Japan began a war!" Hearing this, four of our children silently went to their room, because they were thinking themselves Americans. My husband, seeing this, said for the first time, "They are indeed Americans, aren't they?" Then we were put in a relocation camp. Before that, the government

called for volunteers. My second son, being very strong willed, said, "I would not enter the camp. The government says that we don't have to enter it if we go someplace else." He favored only to the government. "You are put in a camp by the government, while I can go to anywhere I like". He left us and went someplace. He told us that he was going to Montana to work on railroads. My eldest son, George said, "I will go where you go, and see what it looks like". We moved, then I received a letter from the second son that he was going to volunteer. I said, "You don't have to volunteer, because sooner or later you would be conscripted. When you lost your arm or leg volunteering, people would sympathize in you for a while, but it would be only you that has a hard time twenty or thirty years later. So just wait until you are conscripted, since there is no way to escape from it." I talked to George and said, "George, he wrote me this, what shall I do?" He said, "He will go anyway...it would be all right, wouldn't it mom? Let him go." "For what are you volunteering?", I asked. "If we didn't volunteer, what would happen to the following new generation while you are put in a camp?" Hearing this, George said, "Mom, he would not change his mind". Then I asked a person named Kumyo to write a letter in English for me, and said in the letter, "What would you do when you lost your arm

or leg and were forgotten by people?" He answered, "I don't think that God would give me up, therefore, I'll go, whatever you tell me", and at last he volunteered. George, then said, "Let me go to a theological school and I can get out of this place". He went to Texas and entered a theological school in Dallas.

Q: How did you think when the Pearl Harbor was attacked?

**AH: As I mentioned earlier, I got a little bit better from the illness in 1938, I started a job of door-to-door salesman, selling pressure cookers--pans you don't have to put water in when you cook. Working as a door-to-door salesman was quite tough. It was all right when goods were sold well, but nothing was more depressing than this job when you couldn't sell the goods well. When you couldn't have customers buy merchandise, you got depressed. When you were depressed, customers could notice it. Yes, it was a very hard job. I did a demonstration of using the cooker in the daytime here and there. I bought groceries, took them with me by car, cooked them in the cooker, served the food to everybody, gave a lecture about health and how to use the cooker, washed it clean after the demonstration, and wrapped it to take home. From the following day, I started to visit to sell to the people who had come to my demonstration and made an appointment. There were 45 sample cookers made of iron to carry at one time. And, I, who had just recovered

from T.B., had to climb up high steps to a house or a hotel sometimes to visit a customer. I encouraged myself to take cookers to the people to show. I was happy when they bought them. They also said, "I'll think about it," or "I already have a lot of pans", after praising the food I cooked with the cooker, using groceries I had bought. It was too hard. I even went to Yakima, Long View, and Portland by Greyhound Bus. My wife was hard on my job saying, "You don't have to go so far, do you? Since you don't have such money..." When I went to Yakima, all my money was gone and I had a cold sweat. In Yakima, the headlights of my car were broken. It was already in the evening, and I couldn't use the car. I paid fifty cents and parked it in a garage. I worked there for three days only in the daytime. During the stay, my fund reached a low level. I was staying in a hotel, but I could pay this off when I checked out and no problems. But I had to buy meat and vegetables for the demonstration, also I had to eat. I became unable to eat at restaurants. My wife always told me angrily not to tell my miserable stories, but I don't care. I'm going to tell this. I bought a quart of ice cream and ate it in the hotel room. Being starved, whenever I ate the ice cream, my nose got almost frozen. But, I ate it all very hard. One time, I bought half a dozen of grapefruit and ate them. I sweat! When I was demonstrating,

I met a kind hotel owner, who sympathized in my trouble and gathered some wealthy people for me to do a demonstration of the cookers. I felt the demonstration very successful, but it was not. "A frying pan of so-and-so inches is given to you if you let me do a demonstration at your home", I said. This frying pan was being sold with a lid, but the lid was not to be given to her. "You have to buy the lid for three dollars and seventy-five cents". Then the lady said, Then I'll buy only this lid". I have her the pan anyway. Toward the end of the last demonstration, I prayed very hard at heart that they might buy a lot. I had to do payment to the hotel, and also buy gasoline to drive back from Yakima to Seattle. I prayed, "May this be successful." At that time, I was not a Christian yet, but I sold about 22 to 23 dollars worth.

***AU: By praying, you could be calm at heart, thus people felt like buying from you, didn't they?

**AH: Yes, I think so. I prayed hard, and got enough money to go back. I bought gasoline and drove back home. With these bitter experiences, I quit the job and started working for a hotel named "Public's Hotel", as a clerk, which one of my friends leased after coming back from a camp. He offered me the job working as a clerk in his hotel since I spoke good English. I was doing well with the new job, and fortunately the illness seemed to be

stabilized. My wife was working for a sack dealer where they put old sacks in order.

Q: What is "a sack dealer"?

**AH: There was a place where they gathered old sacks and bags. Both of us were working for our living. When the Pearl Harbor was attacked, news about the war were constantly reported. In one town, the white people organized a resistance group on a large scale. I thought, "We are in big trouble!", but didn't do anything particularly for it, just operating an elevator, receiving customers, and listening to the news. Around three o' clock, something came up to my throat suddenly. You feel itchy around your chest when you have a hemmorrhage of the lungs. I thought something was wrong with my body, then suddenly blood came up into my mouth. Since I could not cough out the blood of my mouth, I gulped down the blood. But, the blood came up into my throat again, no matter how I gulped it down. My heart was beating fast. No such time was more cruel to me than this time, thinking, "The war between America and Japan broke out, and we don't know what is going to happen to us in the future. Besides, how miserable it is that I became ill again." Being employed, I could not leave the work at once, besides my boss was out somewhere and was not coming back until evening. I tried to bear it as long as pos-

sible, but the blood was coming up to my mouth continously and I couldn't stand it any longer. I thought, "Whatever happens to me, I don't care". There was my old car parked in front of the hotel. I quietly got in it and rested, my body on the back seat leaving the work behind. I didn't know what happened after that. The evening came, and my wife, coming back from her work, found out that I was gone and looked for me in vain. Then she looked into the car and saw me in it. "What are you doing there?" "What am I doing in here? I was waiting for you to come back", I answered, but didn't tell her about my illness since it was my weakness. "Be quick and let's go home", she said. I started the car, drove it smoothly, tried not to bounce my body so that the blood might not come up, put it in a garage at home quietly, unbound the shoe strings without bending my body, dropped my shoes from my feet, put my sleeping wear and went into bed silently. My wife thought me very strange, because I went to bed without having dinner.

****AT: Rev. Takarabe, are you going to interview more? My husband is waiting for me with a disabled body, and I would like to have you excuse me. He had lost the use of his body and I have to help him lie down and get up.

A: Yes, of course.

*AO: When the Pearl Harbor was attacked and American military was saying that they had to defeat Japan, I thought that

it was not easy at all to defeat Japan, and that they couldn't make war with the huge Pacific Ocean in-between. It was the time when business was starting to look up, and I owned three places; two hotels, and one apartment. It was the time when I took my children to the Woodland Park that the extra was issued. A white man said, "Do you know that Japan attacked the Pearl Harbor?", and advised, "You Japanese people should be careful, or you may be in danger."

Q: Was he Japanese?

**AO: No. He was a white man. I took my children back home. I thought, "Since I am a tekkoku-gaijin, America has the right to confiscate all my property. I can't do anything can I? Well, whatever happens, I don't care!" There was no other way to think than this for me. Then newspapers began to report the evacuations. I thought I had to sell soon what I had and put my property in order. I sold two hotels and left the apartment there. It was impossible to forsee then whether or not selling the apartment would pay now or pay later, whether this would become my convenient home or not. I thought that life was like gambling anyway and that nobody could tell that this would pay or not. So, I left the place where I still had a long lease, untouched and entered a camp. Some said, "Sell it and go to the camp, because you won't be able to come back to Seattle again". Keeping the apartment,

there, I didn't have any hard time when I returned back from camp.

Q: Mrs. Tomita, you havn't talked yet about the time when Pearl Harbor was attacked, have you? How did you feel then?

****AT: How did I feel? Just surprised. The previous night from the very day of Sunday, that was on Saturday, there was a meeting of the association of our villege, Sunnydale, where around twenty-five families belonged.

Q: Was it around this area?

****AT: Yes, it was about ten miles away from here, and in the country. So quite a few people gathered in this meeting. At that time, the situation between America and Japan was threatening, wasn't it? One of them said, "What do you think? Will a war break out or not?" Then someone said, "Are you kidding? There would never be a war. America dares not break out a war", and we parted laughing. It was the very next day that the radio reported that news. We were so surprised! We were too shocked to speak a word. When I was weeding a field, neighbors came and said, "Stop it, stop it! It's no use to weed. A war had begun". When I read the Times, I found out that it was true. "I was shocked", were the only words to describe my feelings then. Just imagine that we'd laughed very hard the night before of the possibility of a war. Then prominent figures began to be arrested, one after the other.

My husband being a country farmer, it was good that he was not arrested. However, there was a Japanese language school built in our ranch, and we have somewhat to do with it. Thus, we were talking, "We could not give up ourselves at all if we were arrested because of this", and we were cowered with fear and trembled. Then an order not to go out farther than five miles and limitation of time were made, and we were forced to live very inconveniently. Every prominent figure of towns were taken away, and it was a frightening experience. Next, we began to hear the news saying, "That town was ordered to be evacuated, that place too". I felt so sorry for the families whose members were taken away, and I was very worried about what was going to happen to my children if we were arrested. A little later, in May, our place was also ordered to relocate, Issei and Nisei together. I was so relieved that I gave a sigh of relief. The reason was that it would have been horrible if they had separated us from children saying "Old people come this way, and the children that way". Parents and children were put together near Fresno. I felt, "Oh, how nice it is that I don't have to separate from my children!" In the camp life, I didn't have so many hard experiences. I think that it might be all right to experience such a thing once in my life, for it has become my memory to remember. In other words, they protected us and fed us

plenty of rationed food. It was sort of fun, although I felt so sorry for the Nisei when I thought of their future. For them, it was just the time to graduate high school and go to a higher, advanced school. Then this war broke out. However, later, they allowed them to go out of the camp.

Q: Mrs. Uomoto, how about you?

***AU: Just before the war broke out, Rev. Kodairo, I, and some other people visited hospitals. Then the war broke out, and Rev. Kodairo had to stay home and could not go out anymore. There were some oranges for visitation left. I thought, "What should I do with this? Well, I will visit a hospital anyway since I was asked to keep it". So, I delivered that with a lady friend of mine, and also went to the hospital where my husband was. Mr. Shinkawa was also in the same hospital in Georgetown. The patients there seldom talked, although they used to greet us cheerfully "Hello, hello", before. After I left the place finishing delivering the fruit, Mr. Shinkawa said to my husband, "How strong Christian people are! They visited us in this war time!" I didn't intend to do so, I just thought I shouldn't leave the oranges to go rotten. But, he took it good. Quite a few white people who were George's friends came to us and said, "Don't worry! Never worry!" They even came all the way from the country. About seven or eight people came

to see us off when we were being sent to Hunt.

Q: Where?

***AU: We were put in the Hunt camp in Idaho.

*AO: It's also called Minidoka.

***AU: They said, "We would never do bad to you, so please go without worrying. Your places to come back will be secured." They really treated us warmly. I thought, "What a nice place America is!" I heard that they were all Christians. They were my son's friends and the elders and the pastor of them.

Q: Was George already a pastor then?

***AU: No, he wasn't yet. Miss Kaiza and Miss Ansam were the teachers of Sondesk, and George were taught by them with his friends. They so warmly protected us that we didn't feel frightened nor have a hard time at all. Everybody covered us with love.

Q: Where did you go to the Assembly Center?

*AO: We went to Pinedale.

Q: Everybody here went to Pinedale?

***AU: Yes.

Q: How about you, Mr. Hidaka?

**AH: I went to Portland. I stayed there from January 1941 to February 1946.

Q: You didn't have to go away?

**AH: No, I didn't, although my wife and children went there.

The life in the hospital was quite enjoyable. There was no boycott, and we were like brothers. I heard and read a news that the people in the relocation camps were saying that Japan would win the war. However, thinking of America's treating us politely in spite of the Japanese action at Pearl Harbor, thinking of their Christian people loving the men where they occupied, I strongly thought that they would not lose the war, and I always thought while I was in bed, that they would win.

****AT: Yes, indeed, this country is great, isn't it?

**AH: The people in the hospital took good care of me, and nobody mentioned a word of war. We, every race in the world, were good friends with one another there. I felt so grateful.

****AT: There came the car for me. I'm very sorry that I have to leave. If I were alone, I could stay even until midnight, but with an inactive person, I can't.

Q: I'll come back here again, so next time...

**AH: Hearing our talks, she found them interesting, so she hesitated to leave!

***AU: Yes, indeed. We remembered something, being Christians, we didn't have so many difficulties, did we? We didn't experience rejection during the war.

***AU: No, we didn't. Some said that they had experienced an awful time in the camp in Hunt and that they had protested against not serving decent meals to them. This didn't

happen to me.

**AH: The impression they had differed from people to people depending upon their state of mind. Some thanked and some got angry at the situation.

Q: So, everybody went to Pinedale...oh, Mrs. Tomita said that she had gone to Tanforan, didn't she?

***AU: Oh, she was living in the country at that time, so she went to a different camp from us.

Q: And you were living in the city?

***AU: Yes, we were.

Q: Oh, Mr. Hidaka, you were different, of course.

**AH: In 1944 or 1945, when Japan was at a disadvantage in the war and the fear of their retrieval attack to this land was gone, two officers came to the hospital, and told us that those Japanese who wanted to go out of that place for a while might do so with the permit they gave. Then one day, Rev. Murphy, a white missionary among Japanese people here, visited us and took me and another Nisei fishing for a whole day. They issued us a pass for going out, before then, we could never go out anywhere. It was about two years after the war had broken out, that a few ladies from Washington University visited us. The university was going to establish a Japanese Language Department and they came to seek the person in the hospital who could teach Japanese. I don't know if they found one or not. They also had an interview with me,

but I was not qualified because I didn't have enough educational background.

The restrictions upon us began to be eased when it was clear that Japan could never win the war, and I was very glad to know that the day of my leaving the hospital was approaching soon.

Q: How long have you been in Pinedale?

*AO: We entered in May and left there about two months later in July or so. Therefore, we stayed there for two months or so.

Q: How was the living in Pinedale?

***AU: It was awful to me. I was put in a barn because they didn't have enough space. The floor was concrete and I became asthmatic. So I asked them to change the room, but they answered that they had to discuss about this with the officials in Washington D.C. before changing the room. So, I couldn't have my room changed. A Nisei asked them, saying, "You don't have to go to Washington D.C.. The room is here, so please change the room". They were never flexible.

Q: What do you remember about Pinedale?

*AO: In the first meal there, I guess cooks were not sure how much they should've served and they served us very little. When we came back from the dinner, one of my friends said, "We have to be very careful not to move extra nor walk extra by counting steps so that we won't waste our energy

or we would not be able to last until the end of the war!" But the conditions got better little by little. Then we were removed to another place. At that time, they leveled the ground by bulldozers and built the camp there where the ground was covered with dust of sand-like red burnt soil. Thus when we had a little tornado or a storm, we couldn't see anything with the dust. The first summer was the worst. Sometimes when we had to stand in line for the mess hall while a strong wind was blowing, some women were crying that they had come to a hell to have awful times. Later on, the ground's condition became better little by little and the dust wasn't stirred up so much anymore. We grew wheat there to make the ground undusty, and they were therefore not for food.

Q: Was it in Pinedale?

*AO: No, it wasn't.

Q: In Minidoka?

*AO: Yes, it was. In the camp, we couldn't earn money. Although we could get sixteen dollars a month if we worked, but this small money would not be the money to call profit. Realizing that it was impossible to make a profit there, people seemed to be able to be disinterested and easygoing. Government fed us. The old men who liked Shogi played shogi and those who liked to play Go played go. Softball and baseball teams were organized and played tournaments.

People began to play to have fun, and I felt it a very good thing. In Pinedale, too, we could do what we liked. Some people did sumo and showed us, so some old men were so happy to watch it saying, "There is no paradise like this!"

Q: They showed you sumo?

*AO: Yes, they did. In the daytime, we could enjoy go. Moreover, meals were served us and we didn't have to cook. Some were saying it good.

Q: Mrs. Uomoto, what kind of things do you remember when you were in the camp?

***AU: I worked in the mess hall doing dish-washing. That's all. Since my fourth son entered the camp when he was a junior of high school, I wanted him to graduate from high school by all means. So I went out to Ogden to get a job. I asked if my son could enter a high school there when I got a job. "They answered, "Yes, he could", so I got a job in a motel, arranged almost everything, and came back to the camp to find out that the fourth son was conscripted. I gave up the job and returned to the camp. Toward the end of the war, Miss Kaizer promised me to get me out of the camp earlier since my husband was in a hospital, and I got out of the camp before the end of the war. We bought a small hotel of 24 to 25 rooms, The Bosten Hotel, from a White man. The war ended when we were there. At that moment, Americans gave shouts

of joy, "Hurrah!". Hearing this, I had a strange feeling--"Even how happy those people are now to win the war, I am not happy. I am not sad, either, that Japan lost the war. What a weird person I have become!" I didn't feel happy nor sad, and I felt, "I may not have my home country now except the Kingdom of the God."

Q: What happened to Ted in the camp?

***AU: Ted was working as a coal carrier in the camp. He had arranged to enter the Pullman College before he entered the camp. While he was carrying coals, though, playing with girls and boys in the camp, he lost his interest to go to college. He said, "I don't have a will to go to college any more". "Is that so? Are you going to stay in this camp carrying coals? Then you don't have to stay in my room any more do you? You can leave now, can't you?" I answered. After thinking about this problem for a while, he changed his mind again and decided to attend the college, saying, "I'm going to the college since I have received a letter from them", and he left. Then I received a letter from him just after he had left the camp, saying, "Mom, you were right. Hearing my foot steps of "Kaan, Kaan" echoing in the corridor of this college, I keenly felt that I finally became a college student. And, this was better than carrying coals. Yes, mom, you were right!"

Q: What college did he go?

***AU: He went to Pullman College.

Q: Then he went back to this area again?

***AU: No, he directly went to the college from the camp.

Q: Pullman is located here, isn't it?

**AH: It is in eastern Washington.

Q: So he was able to come back to Pullman, wasn't he?

*AO: It was after the permission of going out of the camp had been given to us, I guess.

Q: Is it correct? After you were allowed to go out?

***AU: Yes, it was.

Q: When was it then?

***AU: He entered the camp once when he was unable to attend school any more. Before that, he had already arranged everything to attend the college.

Q: When did he go to the college?

***AU: It was during the war.

*AO: It was during the war in 1945 that I returned back here, and I was one of the first Japanese returned from camp. I had been putting a White man in as a manager of my apartments, and the realty company which I was cooperating with wrote to me, "The manager wants to quit the job. Since you are already allowed to come back to work, it is very hard to find a man to work temporarily, unless the job would be permanent. Therefore, why don't you come back now?" We were permitted to return from the camp since January, 1945. It was in the middle of

February or in March that I left the camp. The people in the camp said to me, "It's really dangerous! You are reckless, aren't you?" There were 48 units in the apartments and some people who had been living before I left for the camp advised me, saying, "It's all right, but you better watch out for the people outside, because the air against Japanese is still hot". In Kent, a group named "Pearl Harbor League" had been organized, and I don't know how they knew that I was coming back, but when I came back there, I found a big sticker on the front door saying, "We want no Japs here, you hear!" I tore off the sticker from the door, but the next morning another one was put on the door, so I tore it off again. This was repeated for four to five days. I imagine that they came secretly in the middle of the night to put it on. Then they stopped it.

Q: There occurred a military service problem in the camp, didn't there?

***AU: Yes, and quite a few quarrels between parents and children occurred. They enlisted volunteers, so parents strongly opposed to this saying, "They'll send Japanese volunteers to the war separately from the others and the Japanese volunteers are to be killed." In our camp, I saw a lot of quarrels. A man who had four children volunteered, and people laughed at him, saying, "Why do you volunteer,

who has as many as four children?" Then his wife answered, "My husband is volunteering for his four children."

Q: Oh, their father volunteered? Was he Issei?

***AU: No, he was a Nisei. His children were still very little. Everybody laughed at him, but his wife told that her husband was going to the war for his four children. This husband said, "If I go and die, a way would be opened to the rest of our people. If Nisei didn't go to war, a road for Issei and the following generation would not be opened. Let the people laugh if they want to", and he left for camp.

Q: How did you think about this problem?

***AU: When my children were growing up, I thought about this problem in the following way. In Japan, during the Meiji Restoration on its way to restore the Emperor's status, some parents and children became enemies with each other; parents for Tokugawa Shognate, and children for the Emperor. Since Japan got settled down through the fight between parents and children, I thought that it would be good after all for my children to go to the war in order to be loyal to America. After contradicting their parents, everything will be settled down right, I thought. I heard that a lot of parents and children fought each other during the Restoration because of a difference of opinion, and Japan was settled afterwards because of the

fights. Thinking of this, I thought I had to let my son go.

Q: Was that because your second son???

***AU: Yes, he told me that he wanted to volunteer. So I said, "All right, go. When you are fighting and the enemy falls down asking for water, please give him water even if he is an enemy to you." When he returned from the battle, he said, "I couldn't do that Mama. I Couldn't do such a stupid thing over there!", because I had asked him if he had given some water to enemies. "No, no! We stepped on them to go on." One time I sent him beans and garlic since I was working picking up the beans, and wrote, "Bury these somewhere in the battle-field, and the next year they will come into bud and there might be somebody who could eat them." So, I also asked him if he had buried them in the ground. "Don't be silly! In Italy we stole a chicken and cooked stew with them. Mom, war is not such an easy thing", he said, "it will take my whole life to forget this war. It was cruel, mom. You can never plant beans and wait to see them bud". He twisted the neck of the chicken, cooked stew with it and beans and garlic in his helmet, and treated his friend to the dinner. So, I asked, "Then they were not useless anyway, weren't they?"

*AO: It might be better, making his friends happy...

***AU: Thus we sometimes run into some funny things, don't we?

Q: Mr. Otoshi, how many children did you have then?

*AO: I had three children then, and they were little.

Q: Is that so? Therefore you didn't have anything to do with the problem of military service, did you?

*AO: No, I didn't, since the eldest child was around eleven years old.

Q: Then, have you thought that they would tell you that they would volunteer? When they became to a qualified age?

*AO: No, at that time, I didn't think of their volunteering or not. However, I felt that they didn't have any responsibility to volunteer, because they, Nisei, in spite of having citizenship, were put in the relocation camp as well as Issei. I also thought that those Nisei who were volunteering would not feel good either having to point their gun to Japan and that they were carrying out their thought.

Q: How about you, Mr. Hidaka? Did you already have children?

**AH: I had only one daughter then, and she was at the age of four. Therefore, there was no problem.

Q: Mrs. Uomoto, where was your husband when you entered the camp?

***AU: He was in a hospital.

Q: Where was it?

***AU: It was in Georgetown.

*AO: There used to be two T.B. Centers around here, then the one in Georgetown was closed when the war began, and all the patients moved here.

Q: To the sanatorium in Farland?

**AH: Yes, they gathered us together.

Q: Then did you see him there in Farland?

**AH: No, we didn't get together.

***AU: My husband didn't go to Farland. He stayed only in Georgetown.

*QO: Did he get well there and go out of the place?

***AU: Yes, he did.

*QO: A cousin of my wife named Shinkawa was removed to Farland from Georgetown.

Q: Did people say anything to you when your son volunteered?

***AU: Yes, they did. Some said, "Surely your son cannot volunteer, can he?" "Yes he did", I answered. "Oh my goodness!! Indeed!" I didn't speak any more afterwards.

Q: In Tule Lake, there were quite a few radical people, and they called the volunteering person "a pig". Was there anything like that in your camp?

*AO: It was not as bad as in Tule Lake, but so called "Nippon-To (Japan League)" spoke very ill of the parents of volunteers and horrible things to those who volunteered. After coming out of the camp when the war was over, some Issei who had had hard experiences from them held a grudge against them for the rest of their lives.

Q: What kind of work did you do in the camp?

*AO: I went to school to make cabinets as a carpenter. However, I seldom had a chance to make a cabinet and was building chicken houses most of the time in junior high schools.

Q: How was the every day life in Farland?

**AH: For the first six months, they made me eat and sleep. Although it was wartime, they served fine meals. I had been unable to get meat or butter before entering the hospital, but I was served ham, and some snacks. A glass of milk was given to me when I went to bed. It was in January that I entered the place, but a few months after, I gained so much weight, from 111 pounds to 180 pounds. For four to five months, I kept gaining weight rapidly; nine to ten pounds a month. Every month they brought a scale with wheels, and we stepped on it to weigh. Some didn't gain, and some lost weight. Those who gained weight were in great joy. Nobody couldn't be happy when he gained ten pounds or so. Of course just gaining weight is not good. Looking at myself when I was taking a bath, I was like a monster with a big stomach hanging out. For the first four months, they gave me a sponge bath, and I had to keep complete rest and wasn't allowed to go out of bed. In the morning they brought warm water for me to wash my face. After I washed my face and brushed my teeth, a breakfast was

served. After that, every window was opened at the same time no matter how the weather was, snowy or stormy, and even the bed spreads fluttered. We sat on a bed pan to discharge into it, although it is a dirty story to tell. Some were sleeping in a room, and some on a porch. They put beds side by side on the porch. It was really cold in the middle of winter time, when it was so windy that bed spreads fluttered, to stay outside. Once it was so cold that I put newspapers under the sheets and slept making a rustling noise. At that time, I was not allowed to talk to anybody, and I had to put a napkin on my mouth when I spoke to nurses so that I would not infect them with the virus I had. I was doing very well, and gained seven pounds for the first one month. There was a man named Suzuki in my next bed, who didn't gain weight at all. I cheered him up telling him various things, however his weight didn't increase at all. In my case, I continued to gain weight. Six months later, I was permitted to get out of bed to go to the bathroom. I was really happy when I was told to take a bath, since I hadn't taken a bath for quite a long time. However, I got drunk by the bath. Dirt came off from my skin one after another. Then I began to feel dizzy. Since I had locked the door of the bathroom, I couldn't yell for help. I said to myself, "Good heavens!

I shouldn't fall down in this room. I have to pull myself together." I wiped myself very hard, knocked on the door, and asked to get me out at once. Then they made me take a walk here and there. When we got quite well, we were permitted to do what we liked. The first thing I did was to do a barber's work, given a white coat. People thought me a doctor, since I was fat and wore a white coat. Also my name Hidaka sounded like "Hi, doc!" Seeing me doing a good job in hair-cutting, people asked me to do it ignoring the other barbers. Especially the Black people liked by job on them. But, it is so hard to do a hair-cut on them, because the hair was bunchy. The more I combed with a brush, the funnier the hair-style of theirs became. Moreover, I had to do the job to the people who were in bed.
At that time, of course, I could take a walk. Then they permitted us to work. Some worked as a janitor and got some money. It was also good for the body to do physical labor. Knowing a bit of painting, I put my pictures on a magazine named "PEP".

Q: Where was the magazine being published?

**AH: In the hospital in Farland. "Patience, Endurance, and Perserverance" was the exact name of the magazine, and I have been the editor and used a method of linoleum cut for one year. I also helped printing them. At the end, I worked as a janitor. At meal time, I carried

meal carts lifted up by an elevator to sickrooms so that nurses could pass out, and carried them back after they were done. I did mopping too. This was how I led a life there. In the next stage, doctor gave me a "town leave" to permit me to go downtown. There were church services in the hospital, and pastors from various places came. Catholic priests as well as Protestant priests came to give a service. Since no Japanese were living around the area, Miss Kaiser mentioned before, Mr. Murphy; Froid Simoe, a pro-Japanese and a professor at Washington University with his wife; A.D. Boomas, a white man who liked Japanese a lot; Mrs. Taylor, a lady from Pentecost.; and some other friends visited me one after another very often. They gave me what I needed and kept in touch with the people outside for me. Also, it was very enjoyable to talk with them.

Q: Were you able to communicate with your wife by letters or so?

**AH: Yes, I was. That was good indeed. Some said that it was much better that I stayed in the hospital than entering a camp.

Q: Mrs. Uomoto, were you able to write to your husband?

***AU: Yes, I wrote him often. When I sent a letter to him, telling that George had gone to the theological school in Texas, he answered me being upset. He said in his letter,

"Do you really know how it is to be a priest? If I had been there, I wouldn't have let him go. You don't know how it is to be a priest, do you? In my family line, there were no such persons in the past who had served God. It was very thoughtless of you to let him go to the school with little thinking." He got really angry at me and said, disappointedly, "He is not worth becoming a priest. If I had been there, I wouldn't have let him go." So I wrote to George telling what my husband had told. He was, at first, going to attend the school for only one year, but he stayed there even two years, and then three years passed. "I prayed and prayed, but there is no job given to me except being a pastor. Please tell my papa so." My husband said, "Even if he became a priest, he would not be able to carry it through. A person who quit being a priest because he couldn't carry it through is just like rotten salt--there is no way to make use of it. What a braggart!", and he was very disappointed. The fathers of other priests-to-be were disappointed because their son's salary would be low, while my husband said, "It doesn't matter at all whether the salary is low or high. The only problem is that the job is too high for him. What kind of thinking made him become a priest?" Some fathers of priests complained that the salary was very low, but my husband didn't. He just said, "It was a little bit thoughtless

of him that he decided to be such a high job without considering it", and got angry.

Q: When did you go out of the camp?

***AU: It was before the end of the war, about half a year before.

Q: Then where did you go?

***AU: There was a White acquaintance of 27 or 28 years of age, who owned a hotel on West Avenue. He said, "Won't you buy this hotel?" But, I didn't have such money. "You can pay it off little by little. I'll sell it to you." So I bought the hotel at once and waited for my husband to return there.

Q: What was the name of the hotel?

***AU: It was The Boston Hotel.

Q: How big was it?

***AU: There were 28 units.

Q: Did you run it for yourself?

***AU: Yes, I did, since I was used to that kind of thing. Otherwise I didn't have any place to go out of the camp to live in since it was still in the war time.

Q: You ran the hotel yourself. It must be hard. How long have you done that?

***AU: I have run it for about four years.

Q: And then? Was it a place where sailors came? Were they rough?

***AU: Yes, they were indeed. They brought women with them, and

when the women treated them a little bit unkindly, they cut a line of a telephone and left. Surely they were bad, drinking. I wished I could have quit, but it was impossible. A man named Sam who was helping me in the hotel said one day, "I'll get crazy if I stay here any longer. Mama, leave this place if you could. I'm going to get a job someplace else", and he quit. But, there was no way left for me, I kept running the hotel for a while. Since my children were angry, I sold the hotel to Mr. Fujitomi, a waiter, at 1,000 dollars. When I paid laundry and electricity with the money, I was left only with some money to move. However, my children were very happy for that, and said, "We are glad, mama. It would be awful if we had to stay there."

**AH: What happened to the hotel? Does it still exist now?

***AU: No, it doesn't. A boiler was burnt, and an inspector made it closed.

Q: Which hotel are you talking about?

***AU: I'm talking about "The Grand Pacific Hotel". The person who bought it later was Mr. Yatsusaki. It was no problem for him since he was very good at handling people, even drunk men. However, the thing to get up steam got broken.

**AH: There was no water in it, I suppose.

Q: What happened to you then?

***AU: Well, it is embarassing to tell, but I bought another small hotel. It was in the Pipe Market. I have run this hotel for ten years and even more, thus the building got so old that the city government required us to repair it. I had to stop the business if we would not repair it. So I left the hotel and that's the end.

Q: And you retired afterwards, didn't you?

***AU: Yes, I did.

*AO: She is a great woman.

A: Yes, indeed. Just great!

*AO: Mr. Nishimura, a millionaire, was also deeply impressed by her, and said, "Prayers to God do work, don't they?"

***AU: This gentleman who earned a million dollars often teases Christians, and said, "Oh, it's great that you've done this! Surely prayers to God worked, don't you think so?"

Q: How about you? You came back from the camp and bought apartments, didn't you?

*AO: No, I had left my apartments there.

Q: Oh, yes. And then?

*AO: I continued the apartment business. Then I bought a hotel, later I got one more hotel, and was doing business at three places. One day a manager of one place asked me to spare him the place, so I offered it to him. The

apartments on 7th Avenue which caught fire were the ones that I bought everything, including the land for the first time. Before that, I had not been able to buy land or buildings with my own name, and I had taken them on a lease. Then I sold the other hotel to the manager. The larger apartments were taken of its lease in advance by judosha, before my lease period expired. So, I sold the place to him and gathered my business in one place. Then the place was burnt down in a fire and I retired.

Q: Is that so? Then you're not doing any business now, are you?

*AO: No, I'm not.

Q: Mr. Hidaka, what did you do?

**AH: All my stories are related with my illness. My wife came back from the camp in the fall of 1945. Since we didn't have a place to live in, we set a cabin-tent at Mr. Froid Simoe's place who was pro-Japanese, and have lived there for a while. Having just recovered from illness and unable to do physical labor, I thought that it might be a good idea to study paintings at school. There was a way that the State Government was sending us to a rehabilitation school, and I decided to go to the school. We were living in the cabin, but the school was located in Lake City which was quite far away from

where we were. Because there were not so many Japanese people living around our place, we had to move over to the city. The State found an apartment for us is Esterley, and three of us moved in it at twenty-three dollars a month. We received welfare money of ninety-three dollars a month from the State and made our living with it. I entered a college and majored in Commercial Art. While I was studying, I was also making money with my pictures through freelance. Then the Public Housing said, "We are going to raise the rent since you have some income. That's all right, but you have to go someplace else if you have any amount of income. We'll give you time of six months, so find another place within the period." I estimated that I might be able to live in one of the units free if I got a duplex or fourplex which tenants would pay me rent instead of living in a place where I had to pay rent. I looked around for such a place, but money is the first consideration. I, who was receiving welfare money was unable to pay the downpayment. Even when I found a good one, I couldn't get it. I had to just look. I looked around for houses, but it was also impossible for me to get. I was troubled with this problem a lot. My parents, at that time, were still young, around 60 years of age, and told me that they were going to Alaska to earn

money to help me. They went to Alaska and worked at a restaurant in Anchorage. They were going to be paid well, and said to me, "If you want to start some business, we will lend you some money." When they left, I went to the airport to see them off. There, my mother secretly said to me, "I can't stand to see you in such miserable appearance in spite of being an eldest son, though you are ill. You can't get well from an illness which is supposed to be overcome, if you are financially poor. Although we are old, we are going because of your brothers and sisters and also because the others don't like us unable to save your life." They seemed to have saved some money. I was still looking for a house here and there, but it seemed to be very difficult to find a proper one. If it was good, it cost too much. One night, having difficulty in falling asleep, I began to think this and that, and thought of an idea of starting a hotel business, since I saw a lot of people doing this business successfully. I thought, "All right, I'm going to take a look at classified section of newspapers. If there are some hotels being sold, I'll go and look at them." Although I didn't have any money, I decided to look for them. There was a hotel to lease at 12,000 dollars. I went to a broker named Mr. Matsuoka, and he said to me, "Let's go over there, and I'll show you

the hotel." Before that I also went to a White broker to ask for it. He said, "Are you a Japanese?" "Yes, I am." "I don't trust Japanese." Although he didn't use the word, "Jap", he said, "I don't trust your country. What you have done were all lies, so I don't want to touch with your people." He did tell me such awful things. "Well, I see what you mean, but since you are doing this business, you don't mind showing it to me, do you? If I brought you the money, you wouldn't mind selling it to me, would you?" "No, that's the problem. If I showed you the hotel, you would go to a Japanese broker and buy it through him, instead of buying it from me. I have experienced this kind of thing before. That's why I don't trust your people", he said, fiercely. "You can't do business saying things like that. You don't have to show it to me, but tell me approximately where it is, on what block it is, and I'll go myself. If I like it, I might buy it." "No, no. Even if you would guess so, you would go to a Japanese broker anyway", he was so doubtful that there was no talking going on between us. He said, "First of all, bring the downpayment of 6,000 dollars here and put it in front of my eyes, and then I'll talk about it." "That's not the way business should be. We bring money after we saw the thing and decided to get it. Nobody would bring you the downpayment

money before seeing the thing." We quarrelled. Of course, I didn't have such money, but I gave a bluster to him, saying, "If you don't want to sell it so much, I'll go to someplace else." Then I went to Mr. Matsuoka. He said that he had a moderate one in his mind, and took me to the place. I liked it, so I told him on our way back, that I would buy the hotel when I got the money, and promised him to get it. I didn't have such money, but I had two persons in mind who would lend me the money; my parents and a friend of mine, so I promised him although it may sound risky to you. I had my wife offer her secret savings to make a deposit on the hotel. We didn't have the money to pay the rent of the first month so we went to the broker, Mr. Matsuoka and borrowed 400 dollars on condition that I would return it in ten days. My friend lent me 2,000 dollars and my parents 4,000 dollars. Thus, I leased the hotel with the money, and this was the start of my hotel business. Since it was very dangerous for me who had no experience and especially has recently recovered from illness to have to wallpaper, paint, and trim the hotel, a question was raised; "What in the world are you going to do if you had a relapse and had to go back to the hospital." Even Rev. Wada, a pastor of the Baptist Church, came all the way to see me and said, "Mr. Hidaka, you'd better stop

this." My parents were worried and said, "Forget the deposit. We'll pay it for you. So, stop it." When I was in this trouble, I experienced something great, and I was braced up. "Dare me! I'm going to fight a last-ditch battle. It's no good any longer to keep telling myself that I'm sick and weak." I was given such great strength that I even trembled. Thus, I got the hotel. Then the White broker came to see me and told me that he was going to sue me. According to him, the hotel I got was the very one he had wanted to sell me. He said, "In spite of all what you said, you went to a Japanese broker and got it from him!" I said, "I don't mind if you sue me, because you didn't tell me where it was. That's none of my business." He didn't take any action later. It was in 1948 that I started the place. Then I leased here and there. In 1952, I bought a ragged hotel including its land in West Seattle, and operated it for ten years or so. Then the City bought the place from me since they were widening streets. The City paid me in cash, so I bought two apartment complexes on the same block standing between an alley. Last year, one of them was purchased. This year shall be the eleventh year for the apartments. Fortunately, thank to God, I didn't have to go to the hospital between now and then. The richest thing I've learned is that I was led by Church.

Q: What did you mean when you said you had been encouraged and been given strength?

**AH: They were a David's song in Psalm and Chapter 17 of Isaiah, which I should know by heart. I was troubled and worried whether I should purchase the hotel or not. I was distressed, feeling it a shame that I was receiving welfare. It was the time that I was living with various distresses. My wife was bringing in some money every day, working as a housekeeper. This was during the time when I was remaining at home to recuperate myself. One day when I was having breakfast, I found a white clock on a wall in the kitchen which my daughter had brought from Sunday School. On it a picture of a few chicks playing in a small puddle was drawn, and a phrase was written in English; "The Lord will come down to earth to save us." It also said where this phrase came from. I'd never seen that before, and was deeply impressed. I took out the Bible and read in English, then I read a Japanese Bible. I found a lot of good things written in it. While I was reading it, tears flowed so much that they dropped into my rice bowl. But, I was able to eat breakfast. I was not sad. Tears ran out of my eyes rapidly like a stream, cries came out of my mouth like "Aaah--", and I could not stop them, even if I tried. I cried, cried, and cried. I thought, "This is really

strange." So, I read the Bible again. It told about a stream running where it used to be a waste land, a spring gushed out in the desert, a lame man became able to jump around like a lion, and so on. "Because of my sinful past life I am in such a miserable circumstance now. But God heals and saves us like He made a spring gush out and saffron bloom in the desert. He has something blessed that fulfills our future with hope and fill our ruined heart." I felt very grateful and cried very much. Strange enough, I was not sad and able to have breakfast. Finishing the meal, I carried the plates to a sink and washed them clean crying. I cried hard. It didn't stop. While I was reading the Bible in a parlor, I felt my body getting warm and trembling. I felt that I could gather strength. I cried at my heart, "Dare me! I can make it!" I stood up and trembled. This was how I gained strength, and also an unforgetable experience to me.

Q: What did your wife say to you?

**AH: I told her about this experience when she came home, and cried again. She trembled with fear and shock.

*AO: She might have feared that you'd gone crazy!

Q: Is that so?

**AH: I wrote a confession about this experience for the Church Federation organ on its sixtieth anniversary. From

this church, Mr. Seikyo and I were chosen to write a confession. We could write no more than one or two pages because of the limitation of the organ.

Q: Are you still operating hotels?

**AH: You mean apartments? I sold one complex last year, so I have one more left. The Fire Court became very strict to our apartment business concerning security. The other day I planned to put a sprinkle system and had them estimate the cost. Surprisingly, it would cost 12,000 dollars! I doubt if it is worth for me to put 12,000 dollars into the place, of course I can obtain that much money though. I'm already 70 years old. I thought it would be better for me to retire and travel somewhere. So, I am now seeking for a purchaser. Maybe I may find somebody who wants to buy it. I think I had better stop at the proper time, since the buildings are getting older and older, or I could come to the end of my tether.

Q: It's already 11 o'clock! I would like to hear some more though. Would everybody have one more word to add? Mr. Otoshi? Mrs. Uomoto?

***AU: About what shall I talk?

Q: What would you like to say to the Sansei?

***AU: To Sansei?

Q: As an Issei, what kind of things would you feel to instruct them?

***AU: Instructing? Then there would be nothing else for us, but to tell about God, since I am a Christian.

Q: If Issei could communicate with them, what would you like to tell them as a lesson of life since you have experienced various things through your life?

***AU: I often talk to my grandchildren, and say, "Each of us is given 24 hours a day from God. Think about what a difference would be made depending upon your way of using them", which may sound like second-hand words. I also say, "Who else can make this world better if Christians don't." That's all. I rather ask them than teach them.

Q: How about Mr. Hidaka? What would you like to tell Sansei?

**AH: Well...

Q: What would be important to life?

**AH: To life? It's quite difficult to answer. We can't recommend them what we have done, since circumstances are different now. It's a very difficult question.

Q: Well, it might be tough to answer it at once. Is it all right for you if we have Sansei and the people at school listen to this interview?

**AH: Yes.

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*Mr. Otoshi
**Mr. Hidaka
***Mrs. Uomoto
****Mrs. Tomita

2 interviews: #193 and group interview # 26

Solo interview

Project I.D. No. 193

NAME: Tomita, Teiko DATE OF BIRTH: 12/1/1896 PLACE OF BIRTH: Kawachi
Age: 81 Sex: F Marital Status: W Education: High School

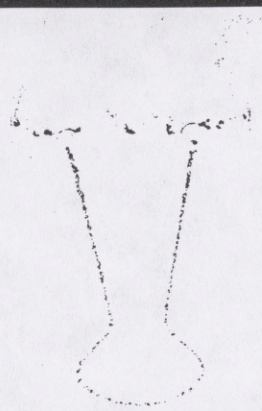
PRE-WAR:
Date of arrival in U.S.: 2/1921 Age: 24 M.S. M Port of entry: Seattle
Occupation/s: 1. Farmer/Cook 2. Housewife 3.
Place of residence: 1. Yakima, Washington 2. Seattle, Washington 3. Sunnydale, Wash.
Religious affiliation: Christian Church
Community organizations/activities:

EVACUATION:
Name of assembly center: Pinedale Assembly Center
Name of relocation center: Tule Lake, Ca. & Heart Mountain, Wyoming
Dispensation of property: Leased Names of bank/s:
Jobs held in camp: 1. 2.
Jobs held outside of camp:
Left camp to go to: Minneapolis, Minnesota (July 4, 1945)

POST-WAR:
Date returned to West Coast: November 1945
Address/es: 1. Minneapolis, Minn. (5 mos.) 2. Seattle, Washington
3.
Religious affiliation: Christian Church
Activities: 1. 2. 3.
If deceased, date, place and age at time of death:

Name of interviewer: Heihachiro Takarabe Date: 8/13/78 Place: Seattle, Wash.
Translator: H. Takarabe

Pages originally misnumbered following Pg 53
(Pg 52 follows but was incorrectly assigned
Pgs 56 – 102 renumbered



NAME: Mrs. Teiko Tomita

DATE OF BIRTH: 1896 82 years old

PLACE OF BIRTH: Osaka, Japan

YEAR OF ENTRY INTO THE USA: 1921, 24 years old

MAJOR OCCUPATION: House wife of a Nursery man

CAMP: Tule Lake and Hartmountain

Date of Interview: Aug. 13, 1978

Place of Interview: Seattle Washington

Interviewer: Heihachiro Takarabe

Translator: Heihachiro Takarabe

Q: We have been taping recollections of Issei Experiences because Sansei don't know anything about the life of Issei. We will translate it into English and so that young people can real about them. So please relax and tellus as much as you can remember about your experiences. Don't worry about using lots of tapes, because I broght many tapes with me.

A: Yes, I don't know anything other than my own experiences.

Q: Please state your name as a starter.

A: My name is Teiko Tomita.

Q: Where were you born?

A: I was born in Osaka fu, Minami Kawachi Gun, Taishi Cho, Kasuga. It was called Shinaga Mura,but it was incorporated into a city so it changed its name.

Q: When were you born?

A: I was born on Dec. 1, of the 29th of Meiji. It would be 1896. I am 81 and 8 months. It's a real surprise to realize how old I am.

Q: What kind of man was your Father?

A: My father was a yoshi. He was drafted to fight in the Nishin Senso (Sino-Japan War) around 27 - 28th year of Meiji and Nichiro Senso (Russo-Japan War) around the 37th year of Meiji. Japan was victorious on both occasions. I was not born yet at Sino-Japan War. I was 6 years old

when my father went to the Russo-Japan War. It was when I entered the first grade. So I do remember that very well. Around that time we used to have a thing called, O-hyakudo Mairi (Praying one hudred times). We used to go to a shrine and pray to god to bring our father back safely. One of the member of our house went to the shrine in the village and prayed at least one husdred times a day.

Even though I was a very small child, I went to pray sometimes. I still remember this very clearly. I went to the shrine and as I prayed I went around the shrine for one hundred times. It was very difficult for me to keep count of the prayer, so they put 100 dry beans in a bag and as I went around the shrine once and offered the same prayer, I took one bean out of the bag and placed it on the floor. I repeated this until all the beans were taken out of the bag. In this way I didn't have to keep remembering how many times I went around the shrine.

Well, my father came home safely. We were overjoyed upon my fathers return. Even through our village was a real country village, we celebrated several days. All the village people were out celebrating by singing songs and marching around the village.

Q: What did your father do?

A: My father was a farmer. However, he had large acrage, so he had many share croppers. He had only a small pice of land around the house to raise some vegitables for his own enjoyment. He also had a tangerine hill. Beside that, he also operated a Shichi Ya (Pauwnshop). When I became a little more able, I had to help him with bookkeeping.

What I had to do there was to write down who broght what materials on what day and how much money he loaned to the man. When he came back to return the money, we received interest on the money.

Q: Was your father very strict?

A: Even though he didn't say too much, Japanese father was a very frightful man. When I got together with my sistets we still taled about my father saying, "Even though he ever got mad at us, we were very much fearful of him." He never said a word, but he had a stern look on his face. Even if we were having a fight among ourselves, and were scolded by our mother, and were told by mother, "Papa, would you please scold them!" he wouldn't say much. Only thing he said was, "Don't fight." That's all. Inspite of that, we were very fearful of him. Even though my mother scolded us when we had a fight, wewere not so much afraid of her.However, when our father came into the house, we stoped everything we were doing. That's what I remember most about my father.

Q: How about your mother?

A: She was very talkative. Even though she scolded us a lot we were not so afraid of her. We didn't listen to here too much. My mother was also a yojyo (an adopted daughter). My grandparents didn't have children, so they adopted both my father and my mother. My mother was adopted first.

Q: Do you remember about your grandpatents?

A: Yes. However, they died after I came to the USA. My grandparents lived in a small house especially made for them. They used to retire even before they became 60 years old, giving all the responsibility to their son and daughter. The only thing I remember about them was that we were treated indulgently. They gave us spending money. The kitchen was on this side of the house, so we had to carry meals 3 times a day on a ozen (a small dining table). When they finished them, they will leave Ozen out on the enjawa(veranda). They used to clap hands which ment that they had finished, so we could go to fetch them any time. So either I or my younger sister would go to get them. They used to tell us, "If you want some money, te-l me anytime. I'll give it to you." I was in school then, so when I needed something, I asked him to buy it.

Q: How many brothers and sisters did you have?

A: I had 8 brothers and sisters. One died when he was ready

to become independent. He was younger than I was. One died in the War. The other was adupted by a distant relative. He was the youngest one. About 10 years ago we visited Japan for the first time. All 6 of them were still alive. The oldest one, the one older than I, and the youngest one, we all are alive with white hair and all.

You see, I am the second. I had an older sister, and a brother who succeeded our father, and a sister, brother, and a sister. It has been 10 years since then, so my brother died 2 years ago and a sister died 3 years ao, the one after me.

People said that its rear to have 6 brothers and sisters together. So we took our picture together. Wo we have only 4 of us left.

Q: How about your schooling?

A: I went to elementary school, and then to a Jr. Hight School. I attended 4 years of an elementary school, 4 years of Jr. High school. I wanted to become a respectable person, so I wanted to become a teacher. For that I had to go to a high school.

I thought if I were to go to a high school, I would rather go to a school with a high standard. At that time if you went out to Osaka, there were many good high schools

with a high standard. At that time if you went out to Osaka, there were many good high schools such as municiple, or prefectural or other women's high schools.

In Nara Ken, there was a Nara Prefectural high school called Sakurai Koto Jogakko (Sakurai Women's High School) and a high school division of Nara Municiple Normal School. However, these two schools had a real good reputation and high standard. So Idecided to enter Sakurai Koto Jogakko. People used to ask me, "Why do you have to go to Nara? If you go to Osaka, you could commute by an electric car. However, my mother came from Nara Ken and also my father, too. I had many relatives there, besides, I had heard about Sakurai Women's High School a lot, so I wanted to go there.

The entrance examination for the high school was very difficult. They took only 100 students, but there were 700 applicants even at that time. Now, it more difficult to enter that school. I worried a lot, however, fortunately I was accepted. I liked school very much. At that time I did not know anything about Christianity or anything. However, I did pray by saying, "Please help me so that I'll do well on exams and will be able to graduate with honor.

It's really humorous to think that the grades were the most important thing in my life at that time. Having good grades is not that important in actual life, though. But, at that time getting one more point on my exam was a very serious matter, When I was one of the top students, in the school.

However, it was not an affluent society, so the only thing I received was a cirtificate each year. However, if I could graduate with the top honor, I could receive a beautiful prize from the school and also receive a remembarance from the governer of Nara Ken. So I really wanted to get this honor, so I prayed that I would be able to receive this. I prayed, "Dear God, I have nothing else to ask of you in my entire life, but please help me, so that I'll be next to no one with my grades."

When I was the 4th grade (Senior) I said, "Please God, you had helped me this far for the past three yeas. Please help me one more year. You know this very well." It's sort of embarassing to talk about it, though. Fortunately I was accepted as the top student, so I received those honors. The material itself wasn't that great, but I put them in the trank and brought them to America when I got married. I still have them with me. I received a book from the Governer, the biography of Ninomiya Kinjiro. It was a really good book. I also received a gold laquer ink stone case. At that time we used to use an inkstone

box all the time.

Q: What kind of enjoyment did you have in school?

A: Well, I enjoyed everything at that time. But I was very much preoccupied with getting a good grade, though. When I look back, it was really a mistake. However, there was nothing else that I could look for and I wasn't envous for anything. I never wanted to wear nice dresses, or anything like that. So I did study a lot. When I went back to my home during a vacation time, my brother used to tease me by saying, "Nesan (older sister) you are a tentori mushi (book warm)." It's really plesant to recall such time like that.

Q: What happen after that?

A: The reason why I went there was because I wanted to become a teacher at that girls high school. I could not stand it as a mere elementary and Jr. High teacher. Then you would have to go to a Normal School. At that time there was only 2 normal school for women, in Tokyo and also in Nara. If I graduated from Sakurai with honor, I could be chosen to go to the Nara Normal School without taking a Examinations Two of such students were allowed every year. One of the reason why I wanted to be an honor student was because of this reason. When I graduated from a Jr. High, my teacher told me about this.

However, the world does not proceed according to my

plan. My mother gave birth to 9 children. So she was very sickly from the time when I was in the elementary school. She suffered all kinds of illnesses. She had many abdominal diseases. There was a doctor in our village. I used to go there to get medicine often. While I was waiting, I could observe that all the member of that household were well and there were much laughters. I used to feel very envious. Because of my mothers illness inspite of the fact that there were many members in our family, there was some worries in me even though I was very young.

Well, even though I was worried about my mother, I worried about passing examination even more. I didn't know how I could face people if I had not passed the entrance examination to the Women's High School. If I were to fail, I even thought about going to Tokyo and work as a maid and continue studying. When I went to take the examination, my father went with me. Even though we thought he was a fearful man, he was very soft inside. He also worried about me.

Even though parents came with students, they couldn't come in the class rooms. Well, he came with me anyway. While we were taking examinations, he stood outside of the class room and read the questions which was written

on the blackboard. He wrote down all the questions and brought them home. When we got home he said, "Alright, I'll give you the examination again." So he gave me all the questions for each subject. I still remember that very well. I was really serious, so I gave him the answers which I gave at the school. Then he said, "Well, I think you did very well."

Q: Did your father go to school, too?

A: Yes, he did. However, he did not go to a formal public school. He went to Teragoya Gakko (school which was held at temples). When I was around 3rd grade in Jogakko, my mother's condition became very bad. I was in a domitory, so the only time I could go home was during my vacation. While I was in the freshman and sophomore, she was still strong. She was sitting up. However, from my Junior year, she began to lose her strangth. My older sister sacrificed herself and quit Jogakko and took care of her. My grand mother couldn't do it, because she was very old. She became our mother and cooked, took care of house choirs and the rest. You see, our household was the biggest in the village, because of our grandparents and children. She managed all the family affairs. When I went back home during my summer vacation, she used to laugh at me by saying, "You seem to worry a lot about studying, but you don't know a thing about household matters."

Sometimes I would help her like when she asked me to get pickles from a barrel. Well, we had so many people in our household, we had a special room for pickling. I went in there to get it, but there were so many 4 to (about 60 qt) barrels there I didn't know which one to get. There were cucambers, Nappa, Daikon(long radish) and others.

My sister laughed at me. She is right, you know. My mother's condition became worse when I was in my senior year. Beside that, there was a marriage proposal to my sister, even though she was needed at the house. She got married when she was 19 years old.

At that time my grandmother was about 65 years old. She looked to me very old then. However, I'm 82 years old now and I can do a lot more than she used to do.

I was taking refresher course after graduating from Jogakko, when my mother died and my sister got married. At that time I decided that I didn't mind getting old. I wanted to enter the Women's Normal School in Nara Ken. I wanted to beaf up my knowledge before I entered the Normal School. One day I received a letter from my father saying, "I feel very sorry for you. But I want you to give up entering the normal school and come back.

We need your help at home. If you want to become a teacher, you can teach in local school. You don't need to be a teacher at a women's high school. Please discontinue your schooling and come home. You can still study at home, too, if you want to."

I cried a lot at that time. I thought about it many many times. I couldn't sleep. However, I decided that I had to help my family. A few days later I went up to my teacher and told him about it. In the begining he couldn't believe me. They thought that I was changing my mind. They throught I didn't want to study anymore. I told my teacher that I needed to go home and see things with my own eyes, so I needed a few days.

While I was at home, my teacher wrote a letter to my father saying, "Your daughter, Teiko, have been studying very hard for the past 4 years. I have been helping her to obtain her goal. However, she has been changing her mind. She is back home now, so please talk to her so that she would not change her mind."

This letter reached home while I was at home. My father was really surprized. He showed it to me. I asked my father to write him a letter in front of me. So he wrote a letter as I dictated it to him. It said that

I (my father) wanted to let her accomplish her goal. However, my wife was very ill and cannot let her continue her study. Teiko feels very disappointed, however, I asked her to come home. So please understand our situation and accept our wish.

Before I got back to school, the teacher received that letter. So he didn't say anything to me anymore. I met with my teacher and also with the principle and the rest of teachers and came back. It was really disappointing and I cried. At that time my mother was still alive and she didn't need that much of care. After careful consideration, I gave up my hope of entering the advanced womens normal school.

You could become a substitute teacher with a high school cirtificate. However, you could not get a teaching credential. There was a secondary normal school in Osaka. I could commute to it. So I attended that school and passed the written examination and practical teaching test and received a credencial. It was called, Tennoji Joshi Shihan Gakko (Tennoji Women's Normal School). I commuted from my home. I helped my mother and household choirs. My grandmother could do something, too. So I was able to attend the normal school and received a cirtificate of teaching.

From that time on I tought at elementary schools for 6 years. In the begining I tought at a school about 1 1/2 Ri(about 3 mi) away from my house, so I walked to the school. Then I worked at a place called Kashiwada. I had to take a train to ge there. While I was working there my father came to see the principle. Even though I was a teacher, I was still a young and inexperienced person. He felt that he still had to take care of me. I knoticed that he was talking to the principle, as I went into the teachers office. I was wondering why he was there.

I found out later on that what he was telling the principle was thatit was too far for a young woman to commute. As a parent it was very difficult for him to let her commute that much of distance. He was looking for a position at the village elementary school and wanted the principle's permission to transfer. At that time parents decided everything for you. It's very different from the present situation, isn't it?

He didn't even discusse this with me. My father was a member of the village counsel. So he knew about the education system and knew the inside information of schools. So without telling me, he negotiated my position with the principle. The principle thought about my situation

and decided to allow my father's wish. This school was only about 5 minute on foot. So it was really nice. I enjoyed this school very much. I stayed there for about 4 years. I must have been around 23 to 24 years old.

During that time my marriage proposal surfaced. At that time young people didn't have to worry about getting married. Nakaudo (go-between) tried to match young people for matrimony. They will send inquairies to mamy prospective brides and grooms.

Tomita family is our distant relative. You will see that when you study our family tree. One of our relative became our nakaudo and brought us together. He said to my father, "Mr. Tomita is in America, but he is such and such person. Would you be interested in bringing Teiko and him together?"

It was the time when picture marriages were very popular. At that time immigration was already suspended. Mr. Tomita had been in America over 10 years by that time. He was farming near Wapato, Washington. It's near Yakima. He had several hundred acres of hay and others.

Q: What is your maiden name?

A: Matsui

Q: When did your mother pass away?

A: When I got married and came to America she gave me a word of fairwell. She came with me to Yokohama. She cried and cried. It was the last time I saw her. She died a year after I came here.

Q: What do you remember the most from the time when you were still small?

A: I suppose it would be that my father was a man of very few words. He never said a word which was not necessary. May be because of this my mother was very talkative. I suppose I must have taken after my mother. When I had a fight with my brother, I could win a verbal argument. But then he got so frustrated and vexed, that he would throw his hands, and so he wons the next bout. He made me cry a lot. We used to fight a lot. However, she used to let me do most of the things I wanted to do. My older sister was very much domestically oriented. She was very helpful and let me do what I wanted to do. She was a very responsible person.

Q: Which teacher do you remember most?

A: Well, I do remember a principle. He was a very frightful man. However, we didn't take any courses from him. We couldn't even say a word to him because we were so afraid of him. When we had to pass in front of his office, we just bowed and passed very quickly. It was like that.

Our class room teacher was Miss Uyeda. She came to our school immeadiately after graduating from Tokyo Women's Advanced Normal School. Even though she was a woman, she tought math. She must have been a very bright person. I liked her very much.

There was another teacher I liked. His name was Mr. Kobayashi. He was a teacher of Japanese literature. I liked the subject very much and If I want to the women's advanced normal school, I wanted to major in it. His lectures and explanations of meaning were exellent. One day when we were in Sr. in the women's high school, you see, we were in high teens, he told us to write a composition about our future husbands. He told us to make it ananimous, So we could write exactly the way we felt. I don't know what the others wrote, but I really thought about it. I respected this teacher as far as his knowledge is concerned. There were subjects which I didn't like, such as P.E. or painting. I didn't like them at all. However, I liked Japanese literature and I liked the teacher, too.

So when he passed a small paper to write a kind of person who was our ideal husband to be, I wrote "Japanese literature teacher in high school". Well, it was OK to write about it, because it was ananimous. However, he showed the papers in the teachers' office to others. Well, you

know he was not the only Japanese literature teacher. There were thausands of others in Japan. So I wrote about it without having anyone in mind. In any case, he thought that it was a problem for him. So he showed it to others. There were about 30 other teachers there and there were teachers who couldn't keep secrets. So this news got spread. This is one of those episodes that I remember well.

It's his mistake I think to let us write something like that. It's not something that you should show it to others. If it was a part of his research, he just should keep it to himself. It's not something which he has a freedom to make it public. I just coundn't forget about it.

Q: When you received a marriage proposal, did you see his picture?

A: No, I don't recall seeing his picture.

Q: You mean you decided to marry him without even seeing his picture?

A: Well, I told you that my older sister got married. The go-between was the one who brought my older sister and her husband together. He is a well known person to our family and Tomita family. My husband's older brother was also living in Wapato. He was farming there, too. My

husband came to America depending on his elder brother. So my husband didn't have to experience too much of hardship in the very beginning. By the time he got used to farming there, his older brother came back to Japan.

Well, I was told about that story. They said that he was already 30 years old and was looking for a bride. Later on they showed me his picture. They asked for a picture of him from America and broght it to me. However, I was of age. At that time if a woman became 24, she was a bit late for marriage. My parents thought that a woman must get married, so I should quit teaching and get married.

I still remember this. I wouldn't regret it if I tought the rest of my life and didn't get married. However, I did think my parents were right, too. So I decided to listen to their advise. It took about 10 months to conclude this arrangement. Later on I was told to exchange letters, so because the only thing I knew about him was his picture. I remember now, there were quite bit of picture brides at that time.

There were many marriges arranged by go-betweens with one picture. Brides were coming to America on boat and prospective husbands were waiting for them at harbor. They

had to look for each other and the only thing they had was their pictures. There were lots of troubles because they looked different from pictures. However, we did get married as a picture marriage, he said that he would come back for the wedding celemony if the whole arrangement had been completed.

So my parents and my grandparents were really happy about it. Things which the go-between had told us were very interesting. He said, "He is a big farmer in America. He had become very good at it, because the elder brother was able to come back because he was no longer needed. Masakazu (my husband) says that he would come back to Japan within three years." Whenever I remember this I laugh about it. Think of what my mother and grandmother said, "Even if it takes 5 years, it would be wonderful for you to come back."

At that time even marriage arrangement was made by your parents. There was no social intercorse between man and his fiancee. There was no such chance, either. I did know maany men teachers, however, (dating) was out of question. So you might consider that ours was a picture marrige, even though my husband came home for our wedding.

Q: How did you feel when you saw your husband for the first time?

A: Well, I've seen his picture and I've heard about him a lot, so I didn't feel strange or anything. However, I began to understand him well later on and I was very much impressed. I talked about my father, didn't I? My father was a man of very few words and didn't know how to socialize with others. Inspite of that when he got mad at us, he would yell at us with a laud voice. Then we got really frightened.

Inspite of the fact that we got married through a go-between and there was no association with him till I got married, he was very similar to my father in his charactor. He was a single man farming in America and was a dependable man. That's all I knew about my husband. The only thing I knew ab out him was very vague. So he came home and we got married. We got married in October and we came to America in Feburary. During that time I began to get to know his personality. He was a very quiet man of very few words. He didn't say anything which were unnecessary. He was awkward in speech. However, we did exchange letters so I knew his thoughts.

Q: When you saw him for the first time, knowing that this person was going to be your husband, how did you feel?

A: Well, by that time I was prepared. I decided to marry

without meeting him, thought I knew about him by exchange of letters, so I was not shaken or anything. I was not disappointed either. The only thing was that his personality was very much like that of my father. The only difference was that my father liked to drink sake. He didn't drink a lot, but he never missed a small portion every night. He drunk from a sakazuki little by little. However, my husband didn't like it at all. It's like a poison for him. When we had our wedding celemony and were invited to the friends houses, they offered him sake. He told them that he couldn't drink at all, but people in Japan were so skillful at persuading him to drink. They would say, "You just have to wet your lips." or "Just a sip." Well, when they say that even I had to take one.

I remember my thoat getting hot, but I was not affected at all. However, it just didn't agree with him at all. When he sip once, he gets red not only his face but also his finger tips. Soon he got sleepy and didn't care to talk to any one. I was really surprised by this. I said, "I've never seen anyone like you. You need to know how to associate with other." However, he just couldn't handle sake at all till then end.

When we went to Wapato, where we used lots of people, those people loved to drink. However,even though your husband didn't like to drink, you had to offer it to the workers. You may not know it because you are very young, however, [illegible] alcohole vehearages were prohibited.

It was a few years after I came here. We had 3 to 5 workers all the year around. We had to offer them sake every night. It was not much, but we had to offer sake or something every night. My husband didn't drink, so I had to be concerned about this matter.

It was alright while I could buy it, but when we went into a prohibition period, I was in trouble. House wives there knew how to make sake. So I had to learn how to make it. There were ways to make it from fruit. The real Japanese sake had to be made from rice. I forgot it completely now, but I had to steam rice first, lots of them. Then I spread it on a table. When it got cool, I mixed it with yest. There was a right amont of ratio between rice and yest. Then we put them in jugs.

You see, my husband didn't drink, so I had to be concerned with it more. I wanted our workers to enjoy banshaku (light evening drink) at supper time. When I made a good sake, I was very happy. When workers would drink it and enjoyed it, it made me very happy. However, I made a mistake once and I didn't know the reason why. Sake was very sour. So I had to throw away the whole thing in a ditch. Even if I cosulted my husband, he didn't know anything about making sake. He didn't care about it.

I had to ask my friend and had to repeat it again. Unfortunately, this failure was repeated 2 to 3 times. [illegible] that I asked around. They said that

once the sake turned sour, you shouldn't use the sake jug any more. Well, it's such a complicated thing. I had to buy a new jug and start all over again. They also advised me that I shouldn't throw the one which turned sour. I should distil it and make spirits from it. I borrowed the equipment to make rice spirits. Well, I boiled the sour sake. It has a rubber tubing and it let into a bottle. So I really had a difficult time with making sake.

I couldn't even talk about it when I went back to Japan. It was harder than working in a field. I didn't get any support from my husband. In fact he didn't understand what I was talking about. He was no help to me about this. The only one who could help me were my friends. After this experience, I became very careful when I majored rice and yest. I became a very good sake maker.

Q: After you go married you stayed in Japan for 4 months, right? What did you do then?

A: I went to shoping, amused ourselves and also went around to see our relatives. You see, he was back for the first time in 10 years, so we went to see his relatives and also sight seening.

Q: Where did you get on the ship?

A: It was in Yokohama.

Q: How was it on the ship?

A: It was called "Manira Maru". It was an old and dirty ship. Even though we were married, all men and women were placed in separate cabins. We had to sleep on bunkbeds. It was in Feburary, so the sea was very rough.

The other thing I was very much surprised was that my husband was very weak for ship. He got seasick. It took 3 weeks to come to America.

Q: How old were you?

A: I was married in 1920, I was 24 years old. Then I came here in Feb. of 1921.

Q: What kind of people did you see on the boat?

A: There were many picture brides. There were many of them in my room, too. Most of them were brides, infact. I talked to them a lot. We talked about our schools, or things happened when they left Japan. At that time I didn't know anything about Christianity. I never heard of Christianity at that time. However, I heard a group of people singing hymns on the ship. It was the first time for me and I was very impressed. It was very beautiful.

I did know that if you become a Christian, you will sing symns. However, it was the first time for me to hear

for real. You see we had nothing to do with Christianity at that time. When I was in high school, some one said, "She is a Yaso (Christian)." Then another said, "Oh, she is 'Amen-somen' (somen isa think noodle)." Well, its a bad thing to say things like that.

Q: Most of the women on the ship had never seen their husbands to be.

A: Yes, you are right. Some one said,"I'm from such and such place. I'm going to Canada. When I arrive the port, he should be there to pick me up." However, about a half of the people were with their husbands. There were many women who got seasick and couldn't get up to go to dining hall. So manyman came to see them how they were. They said, "Do you want me to get a tray for you?"

It was the other way around with us. I had to take care of my husband at the men's side. I don't know what happen to those people now. You see most of men had been in America before, however, most of the women were going there for the first time. So we were detained in the Immigration Office. I remember crying in there.

In the Immigration Office they gave us through physical examinations. I don't remember exactly what they were looking for. They didn't check our eyes. They also

checked our urine. I can't quite remember exactly what they did. Those people who got out early did so in 3 days. Those who had to stay there longer, stayed for 2 to 3 weeks. I found that out later on.

We all cried there at the Immigration Office. The only people left there were women. We didn't understand language at all. Even though they gave us 3 meals a day, their food did not agree with us, so it was very rough. Beside, all of us women didn't have even a penny. I might have had a Japanese coin or two, but those were useless. Those coins could not be used. Even though there was a store, we could not buy anything. We all cried and cried.

Most of us were free of any disease, so we were allowed to land. I guess husbands must have been notified ahead of the time. When the time came, they were there to pick us up. There were those who were detained there for a long time.

Q: Why did you cry?

A: I didn't know when they would free me and also meal were so bad. Besides, we couldn't understand anything which was spoken to us.

Q: You studied English, didn't you?

A: Yes, I did. However, it was not much, 2 hours a week. We had to take it when we were in freshman and sophomore.

However, it became elective after junior year. Those who didn't want to learn English could take handicraft. Most of the students, because they were women, took handicrafts or sewing. There were sewing classes tice or three times a week. However, I felt that if they were going to teach us English, I would like to learn it, even though I had to carry an additional burden to study.

However, when I think about it, I was really lucky that I studied English. I could read and write a little. However, conversational English was something lese again. I just could not remember it. I just run away from the oppotunity to speak it. I can read a newspaper, though. I think it became useful even though my knowledge was rather limited.

Q: Where did you go after you were freed from the Immigration Office?

A: I went to stay where my husband was staying. I stayed there for one week. I brought Japanese kimono. That's all I had. I didn't have any American style cloths, because I could not buy it in Yokohama. They told me that I would be going to a countyside, so before I left for the country I should buy it. But my husband's friend sewed all the cloths which were necessary for me to get started in America.

When they found out that I had been let out of the Immigration Office and staying in the hotel, many of his friends came to see us and brought all kinds of cloths, skirt, blouse, sweater and the rest.

I suppose we were very unlucky from the very start. Can I tell you about this, too? My husband said, "Let's go out for shoping to buy necessities. We need to get verything ready and go back to Wapato." Well, it was the night of Feb. 28th, the last day of Feburuary. Right before he went to sleep, he said,"Today is Feb. 28th and tha last day of the month. So, lets count the money we have. So why don't you bring your money here, too."

He kept money all over the place, in his pockets, in his suitcase and also in mine and also in my handbag. So, we brought out all the money we had. If it's not enough then we had to take some out from a bank. So he broght out his bank book, too. In any case, we brought together all the money and pass book and everything out to one place before we went to bed. We counted them. He said, "Oh, we have enough money for one week. Let's get our shoping done and go back to Wapato by train."

That night we were burglerized. When we went to bed, we put all our money and important thing on the shelf and the rest were placed in his pant pocket. Both of us went to bathroom early in the morning. I remember now, it was [illegible] second rate hotel. It

was an old style hotel. We had it locked, however, we had to go out to the hall way to go to bathroom. When we finished, we just had to come back and lock the door and went back to sleep. My husband came back first and then I came back a little later. It was a very heavy door, so I closed the door. My husband said,"Did you lock the door?" So I said, "Well, it closed with a big noise. So, it must have locked." He siad,"It will be in the morning very soon."

Well, we fell asleep and slept till late in the morning. When the norming came and both of us opened our eyes and lifted our heads. Then we noticed that the door was slightly opened. The pants that he placed on the chair was on the floor, close to the door. We were shocked and jumped up. Well, some one had stolen all the money we had, the bank book, and everything we had.

This I still remember very well. It was a very bad memory. However, we never wrote about this to Japan. We didn't have to. My husb and said, "Don't worry about this. The saving will come back to us. However, we can't do anything about the cash." Then, he went out seek Mr. Shimanaka's help. He was a man from Nara Ken. He was the one who brought me many cloths. My husband said, "You better stay in bed because you will be very hungry."

We didn't even have a coin to buy a breakfast. I thought what a terrible place America was. I cried at the Immigration Office, and at the hotel where were were burglerized right before we were to go to my home in Wapato. However, he was able to borrow some money because he was dependable person.

Then we went out to get breakfast. We did go out to do some shoping. However, he said, "These things could be perchased in Wapato, so let's leave here as soon as we can." So we took a train that night and left for Yakima. Well, there was such a event as soon as I arrived here. This was one of those hardship I had to go through. But I was shocked by many things. But I could not write those things to Japan.

Q: Pardon me, but how much was stole from you?

A: I think it was about $300. It was a big money at that time. It was supposed to last till we were back to Wapato. Because as soon as we get there, we had to buy food and other necessities. We didn't have any household items.

I was very gratful that Japanse people were trusted and grocery stores and banks used to loan us money till the harvest time. Well, the savings and checking account were safe. All of it was return to us. It took long time before it was cleared up. It happened in the end of Feb, but we didn't get it back till the end of the yeat.

My husband said, "When you get to America I'll give you a lot of hardship." I asked him, "What do you mean by hardship?" I knew what that means, but I'd never experienced it, so I didn't understand it. When I was going to school, even if the family was poor, they gave you money to go to school I thought it was a matter of course.

The thought of becoming independent and putting myself through school never entered my mind. You see begining of every semester, my father paid for the domitory, books and fees. The only thing I had to do was to give that money to my teacher. He used to give us money as we needed them. So I never knew hardship of money. I never experienced hunger, never cooked. The only thing I had to do was to study hard and get good grades.

At that time it was said that America was experiencing recession. This news was on all newspapers we read. So I asked my husband, "Please tell me what is recession?" He said, "I can't tell you that in a few words. You wouldn't understand it. In any case when you get to America I'll give you all kinds of kuro (hardship)."

I also asked him then, "What do you mean by kuro (hardship)?" I knew how to write the character for it. However, I

didn't know it concretely. He said, "Well, you must experience it on your own. When you face up to it, you will know exactly what kuro is all about."

When I cried in the Immigration Office, I thought, "Oh, this must be the begining of kuro." When we were burglerized, I thought, "This must be another kind of kuro. America is a terrible place."

However my husband tried not to let me worry too much about it, though. He said,"Oh, this is nothing. It's not that we were striped of all the possessions we had. So don't worry about it. If you work hard for a couple of years, you'll get it all back." He was trying not to worry me. Besides that we could do business with grocery stores on credit. They would not ask / ask us to pay up till crop time. We could also pay them with easy payment, too. So I came here having no real experience of hardship. When I received a letter from my father, I was really happy. He was really a kind and considerate person. When I thought about it my teas rolled off.

Soon I arrived there I was told to get out in the field to work. As I weed, I thought about my father's letter. I used to think of him as a fearful person, but he was such a kind father, so I cried and cried all day. I

guess my husband must have been watching me, when he came back he said,"Mama, poor thing? You must be thinking you shouldn't have come to America." I said, "No, I'm not thinking about that at all." He said, "You were crying all day long. I said, "Ah, that's because I got a letter from my father and he said such a kind thing. He had never said such a kind thing to me in Japan. I thought he was a really fearful person and never had a chance to amaeru (exhibition of dependent behavior) in front of him. Even if I had to talk to him, I had to think about what I was going to say before hand. Otherwise, I felt as if I might be scolded. That's all I knew about my father. However, I was truly impressed by the discovery that he was such a kind person. So, I was crying because I was really happy." He said, "Is that right!? He looked as if he was not convinced.

Well, the hardship that followed could not be described. You just have to immagin. Indians stoped leasing the land to Japanese. Once we could not continue farming. Well, that was not even a part of hardship.

Q: What did your husband do?

A: First of all, he had hay, feed for horses. Speak of hay-work, we had to hire many white people. I had to cook for them. It was a real headack. I learned how to do it though. We also grew watermelon, canteloupe, corn and

others. We sent them out to Seattle. I don't know how we did it in detail.

I had to cook for about 3 to 4 people on the average. However, when we had haywork, we hired about 20 white men young and strong. Have you seen a pile of hay stuck up high around Wapato or Yakima?
They used a big and frightening machine. It tied up hay in bundle and they had to pile them up in mountain high. All of us there had to work over hundred acres. Even if it was a small land, you needed at least couple of hundred acres to make it. So they made piles of hy all over the field.

As to water melon, or cantelopes, we had to bring them to a wearhouse. They shiped them out from there, so I wouldn't know anything about the business.

Q: What else did you experience which were very hard?

A: Let see, at that time I had babies one after another. So I didn't have to go out to the fields. Because cooking and taking care of babies were more than fultime job. However, at the harvest time, I too, had to go out to pick potetos or do other things. I do remember that. After a machine dig the poteto, many people followed it and pick potatos. You had to pull 10 lb sack and stoop down all day to pick potetos. When the sack got filled, then we had to leave it there standing. A man would come [illegible] using a big needle and big

thread. All the women falks there had to do it. I also had to go to work on others' fields, too when we weren't harvesting our own. Of course we got paid for that for each sack. Those were a very hard work. However, we were still young, so we didn't think of it as kuro.

Q: How many children do you have?

A: Four children. However, I experienced one tragedy. I have 2 boys and 2 girls, but I had 5 children. I lost a young child when she was 2 years and 9 month old. The daughter who brought me here was about 5 years old. I never forgot that it was Dec. 23rd. I went out to week in a field. I thought that Christmas was near and I felt that I had to finish that patch. So I was working very hard there. About 11:00am I had to go back to the house to cook. At that time we had only one helper who was an old man.

That 5 years old girl and the youngest one were playing and singing in the field. I said, "Mama is going to go back to the house, so why don't you go back ahead of me." Even though it was in the middle of cold winter, that day was very nice day. That's why I really wanted to finish weeding in that patch. If it snowed everything would be covered up. They start walking toward the house. I thought I'would finish a little bit more, a little bit more, and finally I quit working there and came back home.

When I got home the older one was reading a book in the kitchen. So I asked her, "Where is Yaechan?" She said, "Yaechan was playing in the garage." So we looked around the garage, and around the house, but we couldn't find her. So we asked around the neighbors, looked the corners of the fields, but she was never found. Even though it was before Christmas, all the village people came out and looked for her. She was not found. It was so strange and we were all puzzled.

There was one thing I feel which had something to do with her disappearance. In this country you must have an evidence before you can acuse any one. If she fell in a ditch, her body should be found. All the villagers sesrched her body in the hills, sea and everywhere where she might have gone. They looked for for her in every bush they could find. However, she was not found.

Police came out too to find her. However, in Japan police department would not abandon a search untill some kind of evidence is found or conclusion was reached. They searched everywhere for many days and nights. However, there was one thing that I thought about. When the villagers began to search for her, a breadman came by. He brought bread, so the villagers went over to him and asked whether he had seen a little girl who had been missing for a few hours. He said, "No, I don't know." Even though he said he didn't know, he just turned around

and went home. I was besides myself, so I didn't think about it. However, others said,"He is a suspect!"

He used to come to bring bread every morning. We used to pay him every Saturday. When we wanted more bread, we left him a note. On that day, he went home right away. He didn't take the normal rout. So others thought that he acted strange. However, there was no evidence, so no one can check up on him. We couldn't tell police about it either. So this is just my immagination.

The villagers looked for her everyday. They looked everywhere. There was a deep ditch by our house. People used to say, "You have such a nice river by your house. It's so nice and I'm envious." Howev er, once a week my husband used to get in there and clean the ditch with shavel. So it looked very clean. It took a lot of time for him.

It was in the winter time, so the water level was very high. The villagers could not find her, so they decided to search her in the ditch. They all went in the ditch and searched her there. The water was muddy, but they cleaned the ditch till it poured into the sea. This was also done in vain.

There was no other way to search for her. The police department gave this case up early. There was no handle in this case. There is no evidence of kidnap. The reason is because when they kidnap, it's usually became the parents are rick or famous. There must also be a letters of threat or condition for exchange. We moved into the oldest and poorest shack, so there is no use for kidnaper. On top of that, her parents were poor dirt farmers. So there was no other way we could do.

From that time on we began to go to church. Till that time we didn't know anything about Christianity. Once I heard some people singing hymn. It was so beautiful that I couldn't forget it. After that, I had nothing to do with Christianity. I was so sad that I didn't even want to live. I became disillusioned about America. So

It was already a day before Christmas, so we asked villagers to recess searching for Christmas. From that time on I lost a will to live. On the other hand, I had three other children, so I couldn't die leaving them. I wanted to go back to Japan. I was so insistant that my husband was angry at me. He said," You are thinking of yourself only. All the towns people, even the strangers at the church came to search for her during the businest time. They all worked as if she was their own daughter.

You are thinking of abandoning all those people and wanting to go back to Japan. Are you infact going to do that?"

He said, "You must overcome your sadness and return on (favor) back to them. You could go back home for a while, but you shouldn't think of going back to Japan for good." Well, I thought he was right, so I decided to stay here. The daughter who brought me here is 49 now. It was when she was 5 years old. This happened such a long time ago, way before the war.

Q: When you came here, you didn't know too much about America. What kind of hardship did you have because you were so new in this country?

A: When a white people came, I hid from them because I couldn't speak English at all. Even though he was not very good at it, he was used to talking to them, so I depended on him completely. It was not a part of my hardship, even though I was very embarrassed about it. Rather than that, sake making was more of my hardship.

Q: Where was you children born?

A: The oldest boy and the girl was born IN Satus, because we had to move from Wapato . Our land lord who was a Native American, didn't want to lease his land to us anymore. There was a white man by the name of Maniel (?) who

had a very large nursery there. So my husband worked there for a while. He was a head forman for him. The only thing I did was to cook and care for babies. It was in 1929. It was about the time when America was entering the depression.

I would like to tell you this. This is about a man who still lives and is an elder of this church. At that time he was a sales clerk of Furuya Shoten (Furuya Company). However, he became independent and established Asia Company with two other partners. He used to come to Yakima, Wapato, Satus and other places to take orders from Seattle. So he got to know my husband a lot better than I did. He must have known that my husband was a quiet and not a very sociable person, but he was a very honest and serious minded person. He also knew that my husband was a very good nurseryman.

One day he urged my husband to come to Seattle and work with him. He said that my husband shouldn't be staying is such a countryside as Satus and come out to Seattle. It would be better for children to go to school there, too. There was a very good money making business for my husband, that's what he said. My husband asked him what that was. He said, "I'm looking for a land in Sunnydale, 12 to 13 miles south of Seattle. Would you like to begin a nursery business as partners? There is

no end to working at a place like this." He came to see him every month as he came around for orders. We used to feed him dinner. I used to listen to them as they discussed business arrangements. However, I couldn't say anything since I was a woman. So I just listen to them. When he was taking orders in our area, he came over every night to talk about the same subject.

My husband was not a kind of man who would ask his wife for her opinion, even not once. I'm also a Japanese woman, so I thought I was supportsed to follow my husbands wish and follow him whatever he wanted to do. This conversation was repeated over several months and finally they agreed upon the business venture. Even though he was a trusted employee of the nursery, he was to resigned from the job. He said that we should come out to Seattle as soon as he found the land. My husband is a kind of person who thought that all other human beings were exactly like he was. He trusted every one. Both family had children, too. They had 4 children and we had 3 including baby. The one who brought us was a baby at that time.

Mr. S said to my husband, "This is the job of your life time, so you should consult you wife, too." My husband

"Well, I don't have to consult with this woman! I can decide all this by myself." I was a fool, too. When my husband said, "Let's go!" I went with him without giving enough thought. There was aplace for "naijo no ko ( )(through the assistance of one's wife), however, I didn't have to worry about outside matters such as this. Mr. S said to him, "Untill you move to Seattle, don't talk about this with any other people." Well, we didn't think about it very well. We though that things are supposed to be like that. So we didn't talk to anybody about this.

Well, I was not going to say anything to anyone until Mr. S tell us that he found a piece of land, so we should come out to Seattle. One day a good friend of ours by the name of Matsushita came over. They made me cloths and also loaned us money when we were burglerized. I felt that she was like my sister. She taught me how to cook and we owe a great deal to them. Finally before my husband quite the job, I told her about our plan. I said, "I wanted to tell you earlier, however it was still tentative and I couldn't tell you anything about it till now, but this is our plan."

They were really surprised. They looked at my face and asked me, "Who has been advising you all this?" So I

said,"I was told not to tell and I was not supposed to say anything until we were moving out to Seattle. So I cannot tell you his name.. If I said that, I'll be scolded by my husband."

Mrs. Matsushita looked at my face and said,"This must be Mr. S." So I couldn't say no and tellher a lie. So I said, "Yes, it's he." She looked very worried and said, "Personality of your husband and Mr. S are so different. Your husband is quiet and works all day long. He is such a volnarable man. However, Mr. S is very sharp in regard to money." Well, this is true, because he was a businessman. He was a sales man and never had farming experience and have no experience of growing plants in nursery. However, he knew that my husband was a good nurseryman and he wanted to begin nursery business for his childrne. He is a man with forsight. He sent 2 sons through the agricultural school near Spokane.

However, we twoo were very slow about these things. I came to understand this later. My friend said,"Oh, I worry about this. But you can't get out of this venture any more." I didn't understand this at that time. She said, "Mr. S is such a tight person when it comes to finance. His altimate goal is to accumulate money. So he would

not be a good partner for your husband. The only thing he does is to work hard and he would not calculate future dealings. I am really worried about this." However, it was too late.

One night I finally told my husband about this. I said, "You told me not to tell any one, but when I was asked by Mrs. Matsushita, about this, I did nnot mention his name. However, she asked me whether or not it was Mrs. S as she looked at me. So I couldn't tellher a lie, so I said, she was correct. I did say that she should not say this to anyone, because we had been told not to say this to any one.

I also didn't know why he said not to tell this to anyone. Well, it was after the war when we really got to know his real charactor. It was when we came back from the camp. You know that we were evacuated into camps. Business which had operated for decades were confiscated. We were told to take a suit case and blanket (we were not to take anythingelse) and we were to gather at a place to be taken away by trucks on cirtain day.

We had to take care of nursery by that short period of time. You see there was the depression between 1929 to 1931. It was the worse depression in Seattle but also

all over America, I suppose. We went to Seattle at that worst time. Even Mr. S didn't know anything about it. At that time both of them brought all the money they had and began a nursery business as partners. We believed what he had told us.

Both of us had children, so we were going to work out some arrangement when that time came. His children were older than ours. We got to know his plan later on. Well, what I think is that he wanted to take over the business at the end. That's the only thing I can say about him. We made agreements without going to witness or even a lawyer. We had no written agreements. We agreed upon everything with words.

When it came to the labor, our family provided the labor force. He was busy with Asian Company and his company was as strong as Furuya Shoten. So I don't think he was affected too much even though he went through the Depression. He was selling food, so people had to buy food. I didn't know how we could survive those years. My children remember that time. They still tell me, "Mama, it was a very difficult time, wan't it?" They all remember how it was. The only one who brought me here was 13 years old when we were evaucuated, so she remembers a lot.

In a way it was blessing in disguise that we went through that much of poverty. My children understand the hardship we went through. So when they were in high school, we gave them a small amount of spending money. However, however, they began to work when they reached upper class in high school. For example, they worked in the school office a few hours, or they did house work for white people. At that time I worked very hard in the field and also at home.

We leased our land to a white person but when we came back from the camp, we found our nursery turned into a widerness. We had lots of plants which were ready to be sold. We were really hopeful that these trees could be sold and we could take a deep breath for a while. However, we were evacuated at that very time. So when we came back, we found that we had to start from scratch. It was real wilderness and the saleable trees were all gone.

At that time we did hire a lawyer for the contract. However, we were encarsolated and on top of that Japanese were lost. So he must figure that we were not going to come back. So he did not send us any money he was supposed to've When we came back, we came back suddenly. We felt that if we told him that we were coming back, he might take everything from the nursery. So we came back without

telling him that we were coming back.

When we got home, we were surprised that he had not payed gas and electricity bills. The field was a full of weeds and all the saleable trees were sold and gone. Most of farmers experienced similar things. We really could not support ourselves, so we had to do some piece work or worked as field hands. We all had to start from scratch.

This I must tell you, but I don't want you to make it public. I really think that Mr. S showed his true color at that time. His son was already 21 years old. When we bought that land, Japanese could not buy land, unless you were a Nisei who was over 21 years old. There was a neighbor of his by the name of Higashi. They were married 10 years before us, so they had a son who was close to 30 years old. So he borrowed his name and brought that 13 acres of land. Both names did not appear as leagal owners. However, my husband payed tax on the land, even though we didn't have enough to eat. Mr. S was operating Asian Company, so he didn't pay tax on the land.

Soon we could not even pay tax during the Depression time. It weren't only us, but the most of Japanese people and white people here could not pay it. So

even though we did not ask for it, the Government fixed it for 10 year easy payment. We could pay it some how in this way. So, we did not have to give up our land.

When his son came back from the war, he wanted his son to manage the nursery. So, he wanted us to leave the farm. But you see, we worked hard and brought the business up to that time. We didn't receive any money for our labors because we too were owners and partners. It was very unfair for us. We knew we had to part some time or another, when our children became old enough. Then at that time we had to take account of everything we had and what he brought to that business. I think this should have been a normal procesure. However, one day my husband said,"When we move out of this farm, I wouldn't have anything and no rights. That's what they told."

I told him, "Papa, don't worry about it, because Mr. S is a Christian and he wouldn't do anything which might bring shame upon himself."

We asked Mr. Okuda who was from Nara Ken, to speak on behalf of our family, otherwise, if my husband spoke to him directly, they might end up fighting. Mr. Heiji Okuda was a welknown person. He thought that Mr. would listen to Mr. Okuda. He rea-ly was concerned and did all he could, but Mr. S insisted that he was not going

to share anything with my husband. He insisted that the land was his. From that time Mr. Okuda said that he could not do anything more for us and gave up his effort.

At that time Mr. S was an elder of this church. However, 25 families in Sunnydale sympathized with my husband and they recomended us to take it to court. I didn't want to do that, but if Mr. S. would not consent, then the villagers would not let it pass. They all knew my husband's charactor. They all knew what happened and that our family members worked on the farm.

You see both of us were member of the same church. We became members after I lost my daughter. They all came to see me and I appreciated that very much. They all tought me and showed me God's love. So I really felt that this was the only way which was left for me. So we became members of the church.

Well, they said that if the same members of the church had to fight in court, then they would ask Mr. S. to move his membership to other church. We did not ask him, but Mr. Genji Mihara and Mr. Kawakami who was deseaced took it upon themselves and try to work it out an agreement. They called Mr. S and try to talk to him.

There is a long long story about this. However, finally all villagers decided to take it to court and they would be our witnesses. So reluctantly Mr. S decided to give us 3 acres as our share. My husband was a man of no greed. He said, "If we go to court, the fact that this land was bought by borrowing others name will be exposed and we both would lose out. However, if it comes to a matter of princiiple, we will go to court." You see we bought the land when we were not supposed to using other's name. So he said, "It's OK to lose, so let's go to court."

One day he tried to take away the receats for tax payment. Mr. Okada thought that the ownership of the land belong to the one who payed the Tax on it. We didn't want to hand it to Mr. S, so we had asked Mr. Okuda to keep it for us. It was an experience of life time. When Mr. S finally came down and agree to share the land, my husband asked for 3 acres. It has been 30 years since this was settle. But a few years after that things became very bad. Even the church got involved with it and was very much disturbed. Rev. Noji doesn't know about this, because he came after this was settle.

After that, my husband became old and died. However, this is a natural thing, so its is not an extraordinary thing.

Q: Yesterday, I asked you many thing before the war, now I would like to ask you a little more about the time of Depression.

A: There is no end to it if I start talking about it. I told you that before I came to America I didn't know what kuro ment. My husband said that if I had come to America, I would know what the ment. Well, I did experience kuro and the Depression.

Q: Tell me a little more about it in detail.

A: You see we didn't know that the Depression was coming. So, we went to begin the nursery business according to Mr. S's suggestion. We threw away the job that was a very good one and came out. All of us got on a big car and came out along Colonbia River. I was holding a baby and pulling 2 dinds hands. When we came out to the farm, we had to live in a house which was about 100 years old. It was a very quiet and sparsely populated village at that time. These was a house which used to be a bar. Well, we were told to live in that building. Well, we couldn't say anything about it. None of Japanese people lived in a nice house, so it didn't look too bad in comparison to others'. It was a two story house, and when wind blew hard, we were very afraid.

Well, before that, we were prepared to spedd the first few years with very little income, because it takes about

3 years before we could begin to realize profit. There was a farmer there about 10 years before, but the land turned into a wilderness. It was really a hill with lots of brushes. It was not a flat land. Right behid our house there was a small hill. It had trees growing there, so it took a whole year to cultivate it. It was impossible to work only with man's power. It needed a dinamite to cultivate the land. When you set a dinamite it exploded within a few minutes and destroy huge roots of trees.

Later other people told me that my husband was lucky. There were many people who did not get away soon enouth and got hurt or died by that explosions. Luckly, he was able to finish the cultivation without getting hurt. I didn't know too much about it though I did worry about his safty and watched him from the window.

Each day big trees were cut down and it was cleared away. It took whole year. At that time we used horses to cultivate the land. We let horses pull a plow. After that we seeded. We also planted small trees, size of chapstics, which was called cuttings.

It was a very difficult to come to that point. Even if you use explosives, you had to clean up the rest of it, cultivate it with horses and plow and pick all small rocks

debris. I did write about it for an articule used by Mr. Ito. I did see him once. He went back to Japan soon. After that, he sent me a letter asking me all kinds of questions. So I wrote back to him. I do have that record.

That period was a very difficult because we didn't have any income. Even though the economic condition improved, it had nothing to do with us. There were lots of Japanese people who lost jobs because of the Depression. So we asked those people to come and hilp us. We needed lots of people to work. They worked for us with less pay. So in a way this worked out OK with us. We didn't have income of our own and on top of that, we had to pay our workers and feed them. So it was very difficult.

The saving we had had to be spent. The money we put together with Mr. S was becoming less. At that time I understood what the Depression ment. There was a bank called Taiheiyo Shogyo Ginko (Pacific Commerce Bank) which was owned by the owner of Furuya Shoten, Mr. Masajiro Furuya. This bank was closed. At that time many Japanese people banked with them. Fortunately, well I don't know whether or not we were fortunate, but we didn't have enough money to save in the bank. So we took all the money out and were

using it for our daily living and for cultivation.

Our children were small then, even though my oldest daughter is in her 50's now. She was going to elementary school, so we didn't have too much school expenses, yet. It was in such a condition. My child died at that time. The child who died was born there after we moved out to Seattle. She was 2 years and 9 months. Even though it was in the winter, as long as it wasn't raining or snowing, I went out to work.

Q: What time did you get up in the morning?

A: I was about 5:00 am in the morning. I made breakfast. My husband went out to work as soon as he finished breakfast. I also fed those people who worked for us, too. They were fed b y 6:30am. After thy went out to work I would take care of my children because it would be time for them to get up. I wanted to feed them clean up and wash cloths as soon as I could, so that I could get out there even one minute sooner and pull even one week more. I had this thought in mind all the time. So, it was very busy.

I sent out kids who were going to school. Others were just hugning on to me. You see, it was under that kind of

condition under which I lost my child.

Our dinner was at 6:00pm. Lunch was at noon. I had to feed our workers, too. We always had about 3 workers. They were Japanese old men. Mr. S brought those people who would work very cheeply. He was the one who brought them. He knew how to do those things. They stayed in on of the room of our delapidated house.

I went to bed around 11:00pm, even though I tryed to go to bed as soon as I could. I had to clean up in kitchen and get ready for tomorrow, and put kids to sleep. I had to bath them, too. At that time it wasn't easy to bath them. We built a ohuro (Japanese style bath) in one of the room. I had to pomp water into the big tub in the afternoon, becore I went out to work. Then after I came back from the field, I would cook dinner.

When I think about those things, I don't know how I was able to do all that. However, everyone else did the same. It was everyday event at that time. I washed everybody's cloths, including those of workers. They did say that I didn't have to wash for them, because they knew I was very busy with babies and cooking. They said they would do it on Sunday or send them out to laundery. However, I said that I would do it along with

my own family wash. So I collected them and washed them. Ihad to do wash even if it was the New Year's day. I did it 365 days a year. After I washed them, I hung them outside and then went out to weed. So I did all kinds of things to save time. Later on when I think about it, I say to myself, "That must have been the thing called kuro(hardship)." However, while I was going through it, I didn't think that I was going through difficult time. I had to do what I needed to do.

I never thought that I should get paid or anything for what I'd done. I was tought that wife is supporsed to assist her husband (Naijo no ko). It really means that a wife is to help husband even in the area where it is not obvious. Young people would not know what that means. We were educated in that way. We didn't think of being paid or rewarded for what we did. As long as what I did helped my husband, then it was good. Beside, there was nothing which I could omit. I felt as if the whole thing was in a dream.

When you ask me what was my kuro I could mention those things. Other than that, my husband had acute-apendicitis, which we were still in the old delapidated house. By that time it became cold winter time and so we didn't need too much help. I can't forget that time. We took

him to a hospital. We really didn't know what was going on. It was a Saturday night. There were about 25 Japanese families lived in Sunnydale. There was a Japanese School at the corner of our field. Sunnydale women's organization was meeting there that night. They met once a month.

My husband had a cold and was in bed. He had feaver and could not eat very well. However, I couldn't be absent at the meeting, so I told him that I'll be back soon. Then I went. However, I couldn't concentrate for the meeting. Before the neeting was over, one of my children run over to get me. She said, "Papa is having a bad pain so I want you to come back!"

When I got home, Papa was on his bed and was dubled up because of pain. When I left, he was sleeping. However, by the time I got home, he couldn't even speak because of pain. We asked a Japanese doctor to come and examine him. He said, Oh, this is an acute apendicitis. So he must be taken to a hospital immeadiately!" He called an ambulance and my husband was taken to the hospital. He was operated on that night."

During the operation we gathered in the waiting room. It took long time. Much longer than that of average operationg. It took about 1 hour and a half to finish it.

Afterwards a doctor and a nurse and another one came to see us at the waiting room. I was pregnant then, with the one we lost later on. Well, hardship seemed to continue during that period.

I was pregrant, so the doctor made me stay in the room. He called Mr. S and Mr. Tamesa, a good friend of ours, and Mr. Fujimoto outside and told something. I couldn't hear what he said, but I felt very insecure. They tolked about 5 to 7 minutes and they all came into the room afterwards. They looked very pitiful and were very disheartened. I didn't have courage to ask them what the doctor told them. I didn't know why they were called out. After that we had to go home.

They put a special nurse. He must have been in a critical condition. Then on the day he came back, Mr. S said, "The doctor said that he had real acute apendicitis and was ruptured. It was spread all over the abdomen. So the doctore said that it he came down with fever, then it would be very critical for him. If so, then he wouldn't live more than one week. However, the doctor told me not to tell this to you because you were pregnant."

I had asked an old man to look after my three children. He worked for us. That's why I was able to leave home for a long time. This was not told to me until they made sure that my husband was going to be OK. Till then,

Mr. S brought me to the hospital everyday. It took about 20 mi to the hospital, though. It was the experience of life time.

He did have fever, though. However, I was not told about the critical condition which he was in. No one seemed to act like that. He also had a special nurse for 2 to 3 days through the night time. If I didn't have small children, I could have done that, too. Well, he was lucky. He survivied and his fever subsided after 4 days. He regained consciousness and began to talk to me. He stayed in the hospital for 3 weeks. It was a long hospitalization in comparison to what we are used to now.

I was very healthy person all the way through. However, during the time when we had the problem with Mr. S, I suddered with a bad ulsers. I was hospitalized and was operated. The doctor said if I were his mother, I would be operated on the same night. However, I was lucky. I was hospitalized on Saturday and stayed there for one week. I left 5 days after I was operated. After that I was able to keep myself very healthy. I didn't worry about myself at all.

Q: Well, when the Depression was over, you were able to sell young plants from your nursery.

A: Yes, that's right. When we were evacuated, my oldest son was 15 years old. When he was 13 or 14 years old, they didn't even have to think about wars. It was about that time when the field began to look as if some one was taking care of it. All the cuttings were growing well and branches and leaves were speading out.

It was not enough for us to eat. So my husband farmed with about one acre. He did have farming experience. When the harvest time came, we used to send our produce to a whole sale market, city produce operated by Mr. Seyama. We were paid at the end of each month. So this helped us to keep feeding our family. My husband used to say, "Oh, the lord on my back is getting lighter. My oldest one could come to the field with truck, even though he didn't have a license, he could help me out a great deal." He could use horses and alsoa plow. He was bigger and stronger than I. We were really looking forward to the day when we could begin to take easy. Next year our son could get a driver's license and go to market for us. Well, the war began at that time.

Life is something like being chased by things which happens so fast around us. Trees were begining to be sold from our farm. But it was very difficult for us to pay tax. If you didn't pay tax for some time, they'll

confiscate the land from you. We couldn't pay tax even if we put off paying our bills. We could barely keep us fed, that all we could do. Mr. S didn't come around the house often. I suppose he didn't want to hear about us not being able to pay tax. Even if my husband had told him how difficult it had been, he would not help us at all. However, we did buy food from Asia Shokai. The othe two partners were more concerned about us than he was. They said, "Mr. Tomita don't worry about paying us now. When you are able, then you can pay us back." So we borrowed from them quite a bit of money before the war. Even then we were very hopeful that very soon we will be able to pay off our debt. But it was then that the war started.

Q: How did you feel when Pearl Harbor was attacked?

A: It was Dec. 7th when it happened. I was in the field working. When I went back into the house to prepare lunch, a friend of us from the village came. She said, "Oh, Mrs. Tomita, stop working, stop working! It wouldn't do any good even if you work hard!" So I said, "Why?" She said,"Japan and America began to fight!" She said that it had been broadcasted over the radio. She said that Japanese would be taken away. So she said, "Stop working! Stop working! You don't know when Japanese airplain would come over Seattle and drop bombs. I became pale. So I listen to the radio, too. It was broadcasting about Pearl Habor. In any case we talked

a lot about it. We try to sell as many things as we could. It was the winter time, you see.

Q: Did you think Japanese Americans might be rejected and be killed?

A: Well, as soon as the war started, leaders of Japanese communities such as the president of Nikkeijin Kai (Japanese Association) and others were taken away by policemen. They were detained in the Immigration Office for a few days and then they were sent to other camps. Mr. Okuda, Heiji and all other powerful leaders were taken away from us. Even though our village was a small village with only 25 families we had a Nikkeijin Kai. There was a man by the name of Kumasaka, who was the president of our Nikkeijin Kai, was also taken away. So everybodyelse was afraid of being taken away. My husband was

My husband was a treasurer of the Association. He was one of the officers of the Association, so I was very afraid of him being taken away from us. I didn't worry about our life, but children were small and I didn't know anything about the outside world. So I worried. I was very concerned when we received the notice of evacuation. We were to be taken to a camp. I was greatly releaved. I was releaved because I could take my young children with us who was not ready to face the

world alone. My husband worried about the same thing.

This farm was cultivated by us, pouring all our savings and all our energy since 1929 till 1942. It took us 13 years to come to that point. It took that long to cultivate land to the point where it can produce trees which can be sold every year. Some of them could be left alon for a year or two, but not any longer because they will grow too tall.

Q: Did you build a new house?

A: No, we left that delapidated house behind.

Q: You leased the nursery to some one, is that right?

A: Yes. Gardeners used to come over and buy our trees, both Japanese and also whites. Well, all Japanese were going to be evacuated, so we couldn't ask them. There was an old gardener who used to come from Tacoma all the time. We knew him very well because of that. At that time he payed his bills very well. One day he came over and said, "You people have to be evacuated, right? I'm very sorry about that. What are you going to do about your nursery. If you want me to take care of it, I'll keep it going for you until you come back." Well, he is a kind of person who believe in everybody. Besides, at that time we felt like 'drowning person

who will grab even a floating strow'. So we asked him to manage the nursery for us. At that time we did consult lawyers, Mr. Sadahara and Mr. Ninbu and a white lawyer whose name I don't remember. In any case we went to them for contract. The agreement was that this white man will take care of the nursery so that the place will not turn into wilderness, he could sell trees but he was supposed to send us one third of the profit. He should pay tax out of the two third of the profit.

This was the agreement and we all signed it. However, within one year he stop paying us. The lawyer sent us a letter saying he stopped paying tax and asking us what he should do. Well, we didn't know what to do. This letter went to Mr. S's house first. Even though we were in the same block at the Tule Lake Camp, Mr. S did not tell us anything about it. Instead, he told the lawyer that if the white man stoped paying tax on the land, he should collect the money from my husband.

I really didn't know what Mr.S was thinking. The instruction Mr. S gave to the lawyer was that my husband should pay the bill after he came back from the camp. Well, the lawyer was very honest. He knew our address, so he communicated this to us.

You know Mr. S lived only 2 blocks away from and and we saw him everyday in the messhall. But he didn't say anything about this. We were really surprised by the letter. The letter said that the whit man had not been paying tax. He (the lawyer) wrote a letter to Mr. S but he got such a letter back from him. He was wondering whether we know about this arrangement. Well, not only my husbund was surprised, but also he became very angry. My husband was a very kind and generous person, so he didn't get mad easily. However, this time he was angry because Mr. S could talk to him about it since they saw each other everyday. That night he went over to his house and complained to him.

My husband said, "What a terrible person you are! I didn't understand you till this day! Your way of doing thing is very irregular." Mr. S was there when we signed the documents with the lawyers. He signed the documents, too. He should consulted my husband before he replied the lawyer. He didn't even tell us about the letter or what he had instructed the lawyer to do. We were really surprised and disappointed in him.

So we went to talk to Mr. S. We didn't go there to fight, but he told him everything which was in his mind. My husband said that there were many things which he felt was very unfair, but he didn't say anything to that day. He didn't even complain about it. But Mr. S's

behavior was not that of human being. If I were a helpless person and if I had ask you to take over the operation completely, then he could have done what he did. However, he did not act according to human way. So Mr. S couldn't say anything about that. He said, "I'm very sorry. It was my mistake. I panicked and didn't know what to do." He did apologized. So everything ended in peace.

My daughter had become a very dependable adult by that time. She was very good with typewriter. So she typed up everything my husband said in English and sent it to the lawyer. So this lawyer understood what we wanted him to do. If we left it as it was, then the land would be taken away from us.

As I said before, the camp life was short. We were released from it within 3 years. So all other persons went through the similar experience. The government asked us whether or not we could pay the bill within 10 years easy payments. We did not want our land to be confiscated, so we payed off the debts.

Even then we had to pay the bill out of the nursery which was ruined. We had to start from the scratch. I

I suppose Mr. Edris, yes, I remember his name now, he must think that Japanese would not come back to the West Coast. So he sold everything he could and did not pay tax nor electric, telephone and water bills. I really realized for the first time that there were terrible persons such as this person in the world. Even though our farm turned into wilderness, we had no other place to go. So we worked hard and pay off the bills within 10 years. It was during that time that the big problem with Mr. S came up. Well, in our life time we experience all kinds of thing which cannot even be shared with others.

Q: Where did you go first when you were evacuated?

A: Tule Lake was the second place. We went to the Assembly center near Fresno. There was a time when we could go out to pick grapes. So I remember some people went out to do so. I forgot the name of the place, now. It was constructed very poorly. It was very hot, too. We were evacuated in the middle of June, the hottest time of the year and we were placed in a barrack with tin roof. The room number was 120. We stayed there for a few months and then we were moved to Tule Lake in the fall. We spent the winter there and then in the spring we were moved to Heartmountain, Wyoming.

Q: When you were placed in the Assembly Center, how did you feel?

A: Well, we felt like we were in delirium. There was no radio nor newspapers. There were no English newspapers allowed in the camp either. All of us, Issei and Nisei and Sansei were detained there. It was just like in a state of confusion. However, even if America was at war with Japan, we were not in danger of life, I didn't think.

American government took care of us rather caurteously, even though they put us in camps. There were many things which were on ration, so they could not buy them outside, such as suger, however we were able to use them without too much limitation. They also brought fish and other sea food from the coast because they thought that Japanese liked to eat them. Even though food were rather crude, feeling that we were thrown into jails, we were able to eat till we were full.

We spent new year there in Tule Lake. They thought that Japanese were supposed to eat mochi (rice cake), so they brought glutinous rice (mochigome) and let us pound rice to make rice cakes. We distributed them to each family. We also ate ozoni (vegitable soup with rice cake), too. Later on I heard that Japanese P.O.W's in Russia were treated very badly. So I was really impressed

by the fact that American government did treat us rather respectfully.

Q: Were there any inconveniences in the camp?

A: Incoveniences were that we couldn't send any letters to Japan, we couldn't sent letters out to anywhere. There was no place to write letters to since everybody was in the camps, including your own children. But we didn't have to go shopping, because everything was provided indluding our cloths. You were to submit in writing number of family members, and also their ages. Then they would distribute to us necessary clothings. We called it haikyu (distribution or ration). We could also buy other things at 10¢ store note books or pencils. They also had some food and candy. So there was no bad inconveniences.

There were English classes for those who wanted to learn. We could go to churches, too. I recall more of sweet memories than the frightful ones. I also went to tanka (short poem) class. It was the same with both camps.

Q: In the Assembly Center rooms were divided by a thin wall, and there was an opening at the cealing.

A: Yes, that's right. So when you talked with a normal voice, everything could be heard by your neighbor. It

was the first time in my life that I experienced that kind of living. However, if you think of it as being jailed, it was bearable.

We had only one room. There were big rooms, middle size rooms and also for rooms with husband and wife and family. We were place at the end which was the biggest room which had only one room with a double bed, 3 single beds. There was an outhouse and laundery room also. There was also washmachines, too. So we could do our wash there.

Q: What did you do when it got really hot in the Assembly Center?

A: Well, of course it was hard. There was no trees to make shades. There was a very little shade made by barrackes. My oldest son became sick with sun strock. He had 103 to 104 degree temperature, but there was nothing we could do about this. We made him drink water. The house was built on a black top tar floor. When it was hot, the cement got softer and legges of beds were inbetted into the black tar. When the legges went through one half inch, then we could not even move our beds anymore.

When my son got sick, I put a blanket on the floor under the bed and layed him down there. I thought it might be a little cooler there than the rest of the room. I really felt sorry for him. There must be a doctor there, but we didn't know how to look for him. He recovered

soon, though.

My husband became ill with nurve disease. His motor nurve was affected, so he could not more very well. Toward end of his life he couldn't even get up from a chair by himself. I had to hold him up with my own arm. One thing I was really afraid was to put him in bath. If he slipped and fell down, it would be the end of him. So I was able to ask a nurse to come to our house once a week. She helped him to take bath. I was really glad to have her help. I also helped her, too. When he died he was 87 years and 11 months. It was March of the last year. He enjoyed his meal till the ned. His brain was very clear and was very sharp.

Q: What do you remember from Tule Lake?

A: Well, it was the continuation from the Assembly Center, so... The only thing was that it was bigger, and the facilities were better prepared. It was so big that there were many many Japanese from California. We wanted to go to a camp with the people in Seattle. Because we had many friedns in Seattle. However, people in Seattle county were sent to Minidoca and we were sent to Tule Lake with people from California. So people in Tacoma, Demon and Sunnydale were sent to Tule Lake. It had nice environment and it was very nice.

Q: Do you remember the loyalty questions that you had to answer?

A: At that time it was a reguler camp. It became a special camp for disloyal people after we moved to Heartmountain. They gathered all the disloyal people from all the camps to Tule Lake. So I don't know anything about the camp after we left.

People were saying, "When this war is going to end?" Those ambitious young people were leaving camp when they were allow to study or to work. My children, the oldest daughter graduated from the university in Minesota. Then she wanted to go to New York, so she left for New York. She sent herself through school as she worked part time. The oldest son was 17 or 18 years old. We were afraid that he might be drafted. Besides that there was a high school in the camp, but you couldn't compare that with regular schools. He wanted to work and go to school too. So he went out, too.

The second daughter went out after the oldest daughter. The youngest son was not yet entered elementary school. We had him at home. In those days young people were leaving camp everyday. Even older Issei who were able to think felt that they couldn't stay there too long.

Besides, we could leave the camp freely, as long as we knew where we were going. So many people were leaving the camp. I, too, felt that we should go out and start working. So I tried to encourage my husband to leave the camp. In the begining he was saying no, no. However his friends were leaving one by one. So he decided to leave the camp and left on the 4th of July.

Because of the introduction of a minister, Rev. Kitagawa, we went to work for a big land lord in Miniapolis. He asked us if we would like to work for this land lord who had been looking for a Japanese family to work for his ranch. So my husband reluctantly decided to leave the camp. We went to Miniapolis and start working there. There we experienced the end of the war. We didn't know anything about the condition of the war. Because we couldn't read newspapers.

Q: How did you feel about it?

A: Oh, both of us couldn't eat. We cried together. The name of the land lord was Mr. Johnson. He had 300 acres of nursery and vegetables. There were about 10 white workers there too. They say that people in Minnesota really took care of Japanese people. We were really lucky then. They took us to see many places by car. As they drove the car, they had a radio on.

I suppose they were broadcasting from the battle fields. Mr. Johnson was very sensitive about our feelings, so he turned it off.

They treated us just like their guests. He had a yard as big as a park. So my husband took care of the trees and yard. I did house work. However, they already had a lady who came over a week to clean the house. These was also a landery lady who came once a week, too. The only thing I did was to dust here and there, cook and clean up the table. That's all I had to do.

So I had a very good experience there. I had to cook for just two of them and us, two. We all ate the same things, too.

Q: How did you answer the loyalty questions which you had recrived in the camp?

A: By that time our mind was made up not to go back to Japan. Our children had to remain in America, so of course we too had to stay with them. So I indicated that we will be loyal to America. It was the same with my husband. We did this in Tule Lake. There was also a chance for us to indicate a camp which we wanted to move to. So I said that I wanted to go to Minidoca. However, too many people wanted to go there, so we could not go there.

Instead, we were sent to Heartmountain camp. Most of the people there were from California.

Q: When you said that you would be loyal to America, were you criticized by others?

A: I tell you this. Our neighbor in Sunnydale was a ardent Japan loyalist. So our relationship was strained a great deal. He treated us as if we belonged to a different group. He didn't even come to say good by when we left Tule Lake Camp. However, I think their thinking was wrong. They were called Katta Gumi (Winners' Group). They didn't even believe that Japan had lost war even after she was lost.

We left the camp on July 4th and the war was over on Aug. 15. Both of us cried all night in the room which was given to us. We could not come out of the room. They were sensitive about our feelings, but their neighbors got together in their house and celebrated. They were drinking and singing songs till early in the morning. I suppose Japanese would have done the same if she won the war. So I cannot blam them for that. However, Johnsons became more generous to us from the next morning. He said, "Even though Japan lost the war, America would not treat Japan cruelly, so don't worry about it. Please stay here as long as you can."

Q: Whatelse do you remember from the camp?

A: Well, I'm a country girl through and through. I was born in a countryside, was raised in a countryside and even if I had come to America, I lived in Yakima and further where there were very few chance to see people's faces. If I weren't placed in the camp, I couldn't have know any other place. Because I was placed in the Assembly Center at Pinedale, yes, I remember now, I was able to see California. Pinedale and Tule Lake, I was able to see these places. I was placed in Tule Lake at the end of May and left for Hartmountain in the fall.

In any case, we moved through 3 camps. That was the reason why I was able to visit California. So I don't know anything about California.

Q: When many Japanese people were put in a small place like that, you would expect to have some tension and troubles between people, right?

A: Well, there must be one, however, I did not experience any of those. The happy experience alone remain as my momory. I still exchange Christmas cards with friends whom we come to know at the camp. There were quite few friends who moved to the East and also those who went back to Japan. They all send me letters to tell me what they are doing in detail.

Q: What was your hobbie?

A: In Camp? Well, I didn't want to learn anything particular. So I went to church every Sunday and yes, I did go to waka (short poetry) meetry) class. I still compose waka sometimes. The members of the Waka Association are becoming fewer each year.

Q: Whatelse do you remember from the camp life?

A: When I look back, I only remember things which were really sweet memories. I had only a few friends till then, but I made a lot of friends there. I learned a great deal of things from them. Those were the warm and happy memories I have about it. I didn't have any bad memories from that period. There must be others who had real bad experience, but I forget the fact that Japan and America were at war against each other. I spent very peaceful time there. Our children were sent to school in the camp so that they wouldn't be behind.

I felt rather insecure when we left the camp. However, when we arrived at Johnson's rance, we found that they were such a nice people that I didn't have to worry about anything. It was also a very nice place, too. Beside, it was the job which my husband was very good at. So everything turn out to be good.

However, we had so much trouble after we came back from the camp. We stayed at the Johnsons from the begining

of July. The war ended within two months after we arrived there. People there were very sensitive about it. There were only a few Japanese newspaper published at that time. So we began to subscribe from it. It was rather a simple publication. It had various news items from Japanese people. It said, "So and so went back where they came from. Such and such apartment opened up from Japanese returnees. It also had a nice articles. So I began to say to my husband, "Lets go back to our house. I didn't know that people were returning to their homes when we left the camp. That's why I pushed you out of the Camp. However, many of our friends are going back to Seattle, so I would like to go back to Seattle."

I repeated this all the time. My husband got mad at me. He got used to his job and began to do very well. His ability was recognized and was trusted by that time, so everything was going well. He just didn't feel he could go back just then. So he said, "I cme out here because you wanted to go out." He was very angry. However, things like this can't be delayed, becaue we weren't staying here forever. So I insisted that we should go back. We had a lot of business at the nursery, too.

Both of our children were becoming adults. Our oldest

son was drufted. However, he was sent to Ford Snealing where they taught Japanese. He went to Japanese school for 8 years, so he could speak very well. By the way, I was able to visit Ford Snesling a few weeks ago with my grandson.

In any case they must be training as translators to help communicate between the white officers and Japanese people. There weren't very many people who could do that. So they trained eveybody who could understand Japanese even a little bit.

He ended up not going to oversea. The war was over while they were still being trained. Luckly, he didn't have to go to a battle field. The other day when I was over there, he said that they were celebrating 25th wedding anniversary, so they would like to take a trip to Japan. They wanted me to accompany them. There were many of my relatives and also Tomita side as well. I did visit them 10 years ago with my husband. However, I felt very unbivalent about going there by myself. But since they asked me to go with them, I might go.

Back to Johnson's; you see, we had been there only 2 months, so my husband was dragging his feet. However, when I read Japanese newspaper it had all kinds of

articles about Japanese people going back to the West Coast, so I really felt that we were left behind. So finally I talked him into coming back. We came back on the Thanksgiving day. We came back by a train. If we took trains, we could transport our luggage free. We had a quite bit of belongings by then. We must have worked there for 5 months.

Q: Where did you stay when you came back to Seattle?

A: Well, we went to our house immeadiately. We found out that the man was not a good man. He didn't send us money. He didn't pay tax and didn't take care of the nursery. When we looked at it, it had turned into widerness. We wanted to surprise him, because if he knew we were coming back, he might do more harm to our nursery. So my husband wanted to come back without telling him.

Mr. S went to Chicago and worked there. However, he came back a few weeks earlier than we did. He wanted to sever the tie with us, I suppose and wanted to change the name of the nursery to his own son's. His son was over 20 years old then. We received a letter from Mr. S wandering whether or not we come back to Seattle. We received it a few times. That's why I worried more about it. Besides, we were the only Japanese family there and there were no others to talk to. So I really

wanted to come back to the Wast Cosat. That's how he decided to come back.

In any case, when we came back, this white man was really surprised...that man by the name of Edris. He was so surprised and was all in a flurry. The only thing he did was to send us money twice. He said he needed one week to get out. Well, we didn't know where we could go. Then, as it was expected, Mr. S invited us to stay with him for that week. He built a large house before the war while we lived in a delapidated 100 years old house.

He said that our friends were also in the same situation as we were and beside it was only a few days. So we stayed with Mr. S for that week. Well, within a week he moved out. The house was in a real bad shap. It looked like it was an animal house. We had no other place to go, beside we didn't have enough money. So we thanked Mr. S and moved over to our old house. We got our children started to school.

The field was so bad that we couldn't even begin to do anything without spending some money. Till then I never had experienced working for other people, but I went out to work. I took a bus and transferred to another and got to my job. My husband worked for a gardener and

generated some income. Thsoe people who came back early got a lot of customers and had enough equipments. So he worked under those people. He did that for about one year. He couldn't do that the rest of his life. From that time on, he fixed his old truck which was stored somewhere and began to work on the field. So we had to begin towork from scratch.

The trees which were left were too big to sell. He began to plant some vegitables. It was at that time that Mr. S sent some one to talk about the land deal. At that time my son was about 18 years old. Within two years he could own a land. In the back of our mind we knew that we had to face this problem.

He told us that we could move out or he could lease a pice of land which was on this side of the ditch. My husband was really surprized to hear this. So at that time he told the history of our our dealing with Mr. S to Mr. Okuda. My husband said, "It was a promise between two men, so I endured it to this day. When our children grow up, we expected to part our business partnership. However, we believed that he would take a measure which would be acceptable to both sides. However, I cannot accept such a thing. If that's his insistance, then I would also insist that we should receive at least a

half of that land. We payed all the tax on the land, too."

It was a promise between two men, so we didn't involve any lawyer. I don't even have a paper to show, because I believed in him." When he heard THIS, Mr. Okuda was really surprised. He said, "That's a very wishful thinking. I'll talk to him about that. It's your falt THAT YOU BELIEVED IN PEOPLE JUST LIKE THAT. In this country even 2 brothers will write a contract with a lawyer."

I'm sure we were to be blamed, too. It was partly our falt. However, we did that because we believed in him. However, Mr. S didn't accept it. So Mr. Okuda gave it up. He was a very respected person, but he couldn't help us at all. There were 3 people in the village who were elected to represent us, so he met with them often. They went to see Mr. S and also with Mr. Okuda. However, finally they dicided to go to court because Mr.s would not listen to them.

Well, if it went to court, both of us would lose. Knowing this my husband OKed it, so those 3 representatives went to see Mr. S telling him that they were begining law suit against him.

I fail to mensio it yeasterday, but Mr. Okuda told my

husband,"Mr. Tomita, that record of the tax payment is the No.1 evidence, so don't hand it to him. He might try to borrow it from you. So I'll keep it for you." So I took it over there a few days later. Well, as he guessed it, within one month Mr. S sent a man to borrow the tax receasts. So I tol this to Mr. Okuda. He said to Mr. S to wait for a few days. He would make coppies of them and sent them to him. That would be sufficient if Mr. S wanted to examin the record.

So, I took a bus and went over to Mr. Okudas, got the copy and gave it to the person who came after the record. I suppose coppies were not acceptable in the court. This too was a tremendous help we got from Mr. Okuda. If it were my husband, he would gladly give them to him saying, "Ok, please give them back to me when you finish."

We were suppoted and helped by 25 families in Sunnydale. You see, we couldn't tell these things to others, because it was a family shame. However, Mr. Genji Mihara at the church and Mr. Kawakami, who was also an elder heard about this. They felt that both of us were members of this church and if we had law suit against each other, the reputation of the church would be dammaged. They decided if things come to that point, then they would ask Mr. S

to transfer his membership to other church. I didn't know about this till later. After Mr. Okuda these two men got inbetween us and negotiated the settlement. They said that it would be bad to this church and also it would throw our lot in the rough water, so they would try their best to come to an agreement. So after that they called Mr. S to church once a week and they prayed in front of the alter and they discussed.
They appealed to him from their heart. They had asked my husband to give him financial record of earch year. So he wrote out precisely. We had the book with us. So he wrote down the revenues and expenses. Mr. Kawakami examined it and said, "My, Mr. Tomita must have gove through a tremendous financial hardship." So they presented that to Mr. S., too. They said, "For the past 10 years Mr. Tomita could not even eat fish."

Of course in the begining Mr. S provided more money than us. We knew that. We didn't have enough savings, because we just got started out as a forman of that big nursery. Once we asked our kids to take their savings out inorder to buy bread. These showed up in the book. When my husband suffered acute appendicitis, we had to borrow money from Tomita's relatives in Japan.

He didn't want to ask money from Mr. S, even if his mouth got rotten. That's what he said. Mr. Fujimoto, a man

from Nara Ken, helped us a lot because he knew our financial condition. It was cheeper than now, but even then there was a large sum of debts left from that time. We didn't know what to do. His older brother had passed away already. They didn't have a child, so they adopted a girl from their relative and brought a yoshi (son-in-law who takes wife's family name). So he was a stranger to us. He loaned us money. So we made enough money to pay the hospital. It took long time for us to pay back that money. Mr. S doesn't know anything about this. When Mr. Kawakami discovered this, he worked for us as if it were his own business. Finally Mr. S gave up and handed to us 3 acres; only three acres.

I'll tell you why that three acres. You see we lost a child. When she was lost, they did their bust to find her, but it was in vain. The church people suggested to us that since there is no such thing as her bones, take her clothing and bury them at the foot of one of the time trees which were at the top of the hill. So we burried it there. We had a prayer for her right there. We didn't even have a grave eighter. However, we know that our girl is burryed there. We didn't tell that to Mr. S.. When we came to negotiate the acrage, my husband said that he wanted to have that three acres including

that little hill. Even though it was away from the road and was not a good land and didn't have a dich running through it, we offered it to him with the explanation.

So, we asked a professional suveyer to survey the land, and measured off three acres from the top of the hill. It must have been very unsatisfactory for Mr. S.. Until that time he wanted to give it to his son. As for as he was concerned, since we were able to live on the land, it payed up ample for our share of the investment. However, because of the help of villagers, we received at least 3 acres. We didn't expect it, but we did received three acres which included the top of the hill to the pine tree and to the ditch.

So from that time on we started a nursery from the scratch. It took for a while. My son was already 21 years old, so it must have been about 7 years after the end of the war. My oldest son graduated from a college. They said that we endured such a long time in that delapidated hause.

Well, when he came back, we were allowed to submit compensation for damages from the evacuation time. I was very impressed by this. We were told to submit the list and amount of the losses. So we consulted a lawyer

and submitted our claim. I suppose we couldn't be that unreasonable. So we did what we could. Our layer signed it, too and send it in. We waited for it for a long time. We didn't receive it in the next year of the year after. I remember composing a poem about it. The meaning of the poem is as follow:
I was very impressed by the fact that American government said that they would repay our dammages. I trusted them. However, they had not said anything about it for 2 years. I'm not sure now about their credibility.

Someone said that if I had published that poem, the president of the USA would come after me. I said, "Well, I'm supposed to write a real feeling."

Around that time, a notice came. It said that they were really sorry for the dammages which were brought upon us. However, we received a little less than a half of what we submitted. However, we could not complain about that. It had been quite a while since the end of the war. So we felt that we would accept whtever they would give us. The lawyer said as soon as we gave the signature of OK, we would receive the money. I heard that some big businessmen submitted a huge sum and they had not resolved the matter yet. So I felt that it was OK to accept that amount. We got that

notice when my son was going to build a house for us and just had built a foundation. I remember receiving $30,000. The money which we had lost lost it's value by that time. But my son was very happy about it. Because we could use it to build the house. So we bought materials for the house as much as we could.

The second son was a teen ager, then, so they built a house by themselves. They had to get a contractor to do important parts, for instance electric or plumming or heating facilities. The rest was done by my sons.

We lived in that house for some time. We moved to the current house about 11 years ago. All our children had left us and we two were left. However, the second son built a house very close to us. He could come around in a few minutes if I called him by phone. We depend on him a lot. He takes us to a shoping every week. By that time my husband couldn't drive any more.

We decided that both of us would die there. However, the airport needed to expand the runway. So they bought up our land. We were very disappointed. He said, "Oh, I spent 40 years of my life here and wanted to be burried my bones here. This is the home which my children built for us. But now we have to more again." However, we

were fighting against airport, so we had to more. They came to check our field, and the house. The gave us a price and told us to move three miles away from the airport. Well, so we found a house in Beakon Hill.

We still think about the old farm, so whenever we were in the area we pass that street and look at our property. We could have asked to pull our house a few miles. However, we couldn't pull it through the town, so we gave it up. I found that some one who lived close by bought our house and pull it over there. We did go there and looked for that vicinity. We found a foundation for the house and the trees we planted, wilows and pines. They grew real big. We were really touched by this. My husband was still alive then.

However, when we passed the area recently, I found that the place was completely changed. Even through it belonged to the airport, they had leveled the hill and made sports center for young people. It's the flow of time, chang of time. We have experienced a greatdeal.

Even when we moved down here, my husband had a condition attached to it. You see, we were getting older. We felt very insecure about living by ourselves. The girl who brought me here lived in an apartment here and there. She had two children by that time, so they wanted

buy a house. They were looking for a house to buy. We knew that, but this never occured to me. However, my husband thought about it a lot and he said one day,"This might be a good chance for us to live with Kay." So I said, "I would like that, but we cannot decide it by ourselves. Nowadays young people have their own ideas. What would happen if they don't want us to live with them. So we should find out how they feel about it."

So one day Papa asked her about it. Then she said it would be alright with her if we would be OK. So we said that she should consult her husband, too, since he is really a stranger to us (meaning he is not the blood relation). We didn't want him to feel awkward and there is also their future, too. We wanted them to tell us exactly how they felt about it. A few days later they gave us answer. They would welcome us. They said that Papa was such a nice person, so he wouldn't have any trouble living with him.

So we looked for a house together. It had to satisfy our needs. It was very hard. Two old people and a young couple and children had to live in it. My husband wanted to have 2 separate households. If we had enough time to build a house, then it would be OK. But we had to vacate our house in a short time, so we

didn't have that chance.

Well, it was very difficult to find the house which met our needs. I also wanted to live by our church, too, and a store close by. Well, it was a very difficult job. However, they looked for it very hard. Fortunately, a woman realter, a Japanese girl, told us about a new construction sight. It already had a foundation. However, it's early enough to make a change in the original plan, so we should go look at it. So we went there to see.

It was a two story house with three bedrooms. They had three bedrooms. They had 2 children, so it was OK with them. It was a nice looking house. It also had a large basement. Even if it was a basement, a half of it was above the street level.

It was large enough for us. In addition, they had not finished the basement, through the upstear was almost completed. So we made a changes in the basement and we bought that house. It was made in such a way that we could live independently in that basement. They made a large bathroom, a bedroom and ketchen and parla. So there was nothing to complain about. We also took a separate telophone. I had to walk only 2 blocks to a bus stop. There was a little distance to a store, but I couldn't help that. We have lived there for 11 years.

They said, "We live together, so why don't we eat dinner together." So we said, "Well, if it OK with you, it would be very nice." So we eate together. Sometimes I made a small dish for them, too. However, my husband became very weak and his leg got real bad. He could not go up the stairs any more. During the first 2 years he used a cain. However, later on he had to use a walker. So we told them to eat by themselves becaue Papa could not make it to the dinner table upstair. I couldn't go up there by myself. Soon Papa became weaker and died very peacefully. He ate very well till the end. After he died and I got settled down, I rejoined them for dinner time.

My life is very good now. I have nothing to complain. There is no worry, no illness. When I am lonesome, my children confort me, so I feel very happy. It was a long pilgrimage till this day. I said this the other day. I laughed about it and said,"Even if I die today, there is no one who would be in trouble, because of my death. So I can die any time now." They said, "Don't say things like that. I want you to live till you are 100 yesrs." It has been the long long life with lots of twists and turns. However, I feel I've come to the last place of my pilgrimage. This Presbyterian Church took care of my husband's funeral real well, inspite of the fact that he was not that active members here.

When we came back from Japan he said,"Oh, it was good. I didn't want to visit Japan during my life time, but it was too pitiful for Mama. It would have been too bad if she couldn't go back to Japan even once." So he start talking about visiting Japan about 11 years ago. After we moved over here, he didn't have a responsibility in the field, so he wanted to visit our first son in minesota. It was the first time he talked about it.

My son told us to visit him. He invited us many times. So finally we took a plane to visit them. He didn't want to take a plain, because he got motionsickness. However, if he kept saying that he couldn't visit anyone till the last day of his life. So we decided to take aplain and went. It took only two and a falf hours. It was a very nice ride that he was encouraged and began to talk about visiting Japan. I said, "Oh, you said you didn't want to go to Japan." He siad, "No, it's not that. If I don't go, then you wouldn't go. You have been in this country for over 50 yeers, but had no chance to visit Japan. So let's go to Japan next year." So we went about 10 yesrs ago.

When we came back, he said, "Oh, it was so good." He didn't think most of his relatives would be alive. However, when

we went his nieces and nephews came out to welcome him. They were in their 60's and 70's. I had my sisiters, their children and grandchildren. So we were welcomed all over the place. We were very busy then. So my husband was very happy about it. He used to say, "Oh, it was so good. It was so good. I can die any time now."

So I said, "I'll be introuble if Iyou die suddenly. Shall we buy a burial lot for us?" In Japan it would be a bad omen to talk about it, but in this country it's an ordinary thing. Then we talked to Kay. She said, "It would be better to have one now then running around trying to buy it when it's necessary. There are many people who do that."

She said she'll call her friend who does this kind of business. Well, it's his business, so he came over that very night. He brought a book which showed head stones samples. He explained to us verious types and cost for each. There were quite few different types. At that time my husband was still well and could see well. So he looked at it and decided a headstone by himself. They said that they will inscribe on it in English on the front; names and birth dates and others. However, he wanted to inscribe "Grave of Tomita Family" in Japanese. He said, "Why don't you write it in Japanese." So he

wrote it with Sumi brush on a white paper.

I don't know how he did it, but it was inscribed on the back of the headstone "Grave of Tomita Family" exactly like he had written it. Those who went to the grave yard, even a minister, asked me, "Who wrote this writing? It's very well done."

So I said, "My husband wrote it when we perchased it." I really think we did a very good thing. Well, this concludes the story of his long life. It was full of troubles and tragedies. However, most of us have went through similar experiences. We never knew what would happen on the next day.

So now it's my turn. I don't know how I'll end my life. I only wish I wouldn't trouble my children too much. To tell the truth, I took care of my husband till the very end. It was really a hard job for me. My back still acke, because I had to help him walk to bathroom. It has been a year and a half since he died. They tell me to go see a doctor. I told them that I would go in a few days, however, I never made it to a doctor. I suppose it because of my age, too. I'll become 82 very soon.

My good friends would tell me, "Your life was a very hard life." When I thought I had over come one problem,

then I had to meet another. There was no time to breath. Some of my friends told me, even though we were brought to Seattle from Setus by Mr. S, if we didn't come out at that time, our children might not had a chance to go to universities, even though they had to work their way through school. I really doubt about that. My husband would force them to help him at the ranch and they might have been farmers or nurserymen. You see we were in no position to suggest to them what they should become. I jsut watched them quietly.

The oldest daughter graduated from the University of Minesota in psuchology. Then she went to a graduate school in sociology in New York. She got a real good job there. She is a head of human resource agency (emplyment Office). She travels all around the world because of her job.

The second oone, the first son, is a chemical engineer. He graduated with honor. So he had a chance to go to Europ with full schalership. However, he was the first son and we didn't want him to go to Europ. So he gave up getting an advanced degree,however, because he was an honor student, he received invitation from many big companies. First of all 3M Company in Minesota, the one from New York and the other from San Francisco.

At that time he was engaged to a woman. She advised him to visit all these companies and see the situation with his own eyes. So as soon as he graduated from the school, he took a trip to find about them. When he came back, he said that 3M was the best, so he decided to go to Minesota. It'll be 25 years since he entered the company.

They say it's one of the most famous company in the world. Now, he is a maneger of a large division. Once his friend advised him to come to the Boeing Co., because it was too far to go to Minesota. B esides his parents were living in Seattle. Boeing would welcome his talent. I was thinking that would be very nice. However, he thought about it and decided not to do so. Recently I went there and took a tour of the company. It was really fantastic. It took a half day just to go through the factory. It is infact very far from here. However, it's American way of life and it can't be helped.

The third one graduated from Jurnalism. I didn't tell her to become a journalist, but she knew that I liked to write articles. She told me after she had chosen her major. I didn't know why she wanted to do so, but if she liked it, that's ok. As soon as she graduated from the school, she went to California and worked for a newspaper company for 2 years. It was near San Francisco.

I was afraid that she might go away from home and get marry there. However, she came back in two years and got married. She had a baby in the next year. If you have a baby, newspaper companies would not give you a part time job. That's why she had to give up getting a job for a while. She has a job which can be done at home. However, it's not a very easy job. She gets all kinds of calls all the time. The younest

The youngest one is 7 years old now. So soon she wants to find another job. Well, she has to decide this by herself.

The youngest one of mine is a mathematician. He had a job at Boeing as soon as he graduated from high school. He worked for a comple of years, saved up his money and then went to a university. So it took for a while to graduate. He still had a part time job even though he was attending his classes.

After he graduated from the university, he got a real good job at Boeing. So I don't have to worry about anything. Even if I die now, I have nothing to worry about. However, my children say, "Mama, don't say things like things like that. I want you to live till you are 100 years." Well, I'm glad to hear this.

Q: We are trying to translate this tape into English, so that Sansei and Yonsei would be able to read about the hardship of Issei. In order for us to be able to do this, I need your permission. This story is your story, so it belongs to you. This paper says that our committee is buying it from you with $1.00. It's just kimochi (matter of principle).

A: Well, I feel I should pay you. I'll signe here, OK?

Q: Yes, please. Thank you very much. Please accept this.

A: No, I don't want it.

Q: Oh, please accept it, otherwise it would not become a contract. Please give it to your church or something.

A: Ok, then I'll accept it. I just want you not to make Mr. S's thing in public.

Q: Yes, of course. We will be very careful so that you wouldn't have to worry about it. I said that yesterday, but Mr. Kzuo Ito, a Japanese journalist, was very interested in Issei stories and came to see us. So He went back to Japan soon. We exchanged letters. He asked me to cooperate with him. So I wrote him about my experience up to the Camp time. Even though I mentioned his name, I didn't say anything about our trouble with him.

Q: I have the Hokubei Hyakunen Zakura, so I will read about it.

A: I wrote about poem of hardship which my children had to go through because they had to help us in the field.

A: Oh, is that right? I'll read about it as soon as I get back. Thank you very much for talking to me a long time. You must be very tired.

A: Oh, no, you don't have to worry about it. I don't get tired of it. I could tell you anything as long as I can remember. No one had asked me anything like that before. I suppose people are still thinking that I still carry pain when I must talk about my lost child. Well, I don't want to mention it either. But I wanted to tell you about this. Every anniversary of her tragic day, I visit her grave and also make an offering to church and offer a prayer by myself. I don't know how I survivied those days. Because of this event, I was able to become a member of this church, too. Without that, I would not even approach religion, because I would not have takne it seriously. Then, I would not have known gratitude. The more you go through hardship, the more you become grateful for what you have.

I've very thankful for all I had gone through. Next year I may have to enter "Keiro" (a converlescent Home in Seattle for Japanese speaking people). I was thinking

about this for my husband. It came to a point where I could not help him anymore. He died suddenly about that time. It happened when Mituko San was bathing him. She gave him resustation. So he was breathing faintly when he was taken to a hospital. He was changed into a hospital gown and placed in his bed. However, he died within 20 minutes. It was unbelievable, but it's the life which had to go. He didn't even open his eyes. My friends said that I shouldn't be sad, I should be glad because he entered with victory.

Life is long long journey with lots and lots of problems chasing after you. One of my joy now is that I have no more worry about my children nor my grandchildren. The only thing I do now is to participate at church, do things I can do for my grandchildren.